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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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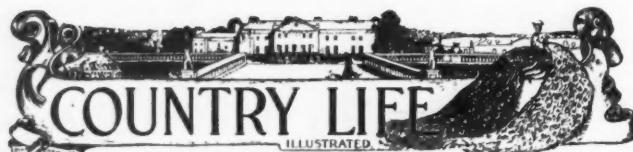
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Photo. ALICE HUGHES.

MRS. STUART WORTLEY AND CHILDREN.

55, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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THE "FOLLOW-ON" LAW.

IT has always been held that the surest way to stamp out railway accidents would be to pass a law compelling at least one director to travel on the engine of every train, and perhaps it is not stretching the analogy too far to hope that as England probably lost the Manchester test match through the operation of Law 53, the time has now come when there is a chance of its repeal. When it was originally enacted, in the comparatively dark ages of cricket, it often served under the then conditions to save time and conduce to the finishing of games, but with the huge scoring now fashionable, coupled with the fact that our perfect wickets are more seriously affected, relatively, by changes of weather, the time when the law is useful and necessary has gone. The essence, too, of every law is even-handed justice, so that when it can be demonstrated that in two cases it may operate hardly and unjustly on either one of two given sides, surely even so conservative, so ultra-conservative, a body as cricketers and their law-givers may demand not its reconstruction, but its erasure from the statute book. One of the hard cases is well illustrated by the Manchester match. The side which goes in first runs up a big score on the first day; on the second, under precisely similar conditions, so accurate is the bowling and so vigilant the fielding that when their opponents are out they are outside the range of 120 runs. What is the fielding side's reward? To go back into the tropical sun, with bowlers who are at least dull, even if they are not tired, and with fieldsmen who have had the edge taken off their energy, with but a meagre ten minutes for rest. No wonder, then, if the side which failed

originally now finds itself on velvet, and run-getting an easy task. Hard case No. 2 tells against the other side. After the toss-winners have scored largely on the first day, it rains heavily during the night. Next morning the sun comes out and cakes the mud, so that side B is lucky if it scores 100 runs; yet it has to go in again on the difficult wicket and hope for the best, and that "best" is generally bad. The fair arrangement, of course, would be to let side A try its luck in the mud, when, if the ground recovers for B's second innings, both sides will have had to bat under identical conditions; and what could be fairer? Hence a law originally enacted to save time, and, perhaps, to save a weak side from two long outings at the hands of the stronger, has now proved an instrument, in certain cases, for the defeat of justice.

Of the various remedies suggested, the worst one seems to be that which is adopted in Australia if one side is more than 200 runs behind the other, and which allows the superior the option of sending its opponents back to the wickets, or of batting a second time itself; for it is clearly unfair that the side which wins the toss should also have the additional advantage of deciding which eleven shall have, so to speak, the first innings on a second occasion—the *congé d'élimir* is clearly out of place. Option must only be allowed when conditions are equal, and to permit the leading side the right of coercing the led is a principle that can only be admitted when the leaders have to make a sacrifice, actual or possible, for the sake of maintaining their position. Such a penalty might be provided by an extension of the closure law to the second day, instead of limiting it to the last day of a match; and perhaps an illustration, drawn with a broad brush, will best explain our meaning.

Side A bats on Monday, on a perfect wicket, staying in all day and making 350 runs. In the night comes the rain and in the morning the sun, with the result that the wicket is hopelessly difficult, and some 130 runs are all that side B can aggregate. Now, presupposing that the follow-on is dead and buried, side A would have to bat once more on the ruined pitch, which is the last thing it wants to do, as by Wednesday the wicket may be all right again, and a "sett" of, say, 300 runs none too many for B's powers. Give A, then, the option of refusing to take his second innings—in other words, of closing it without going to the wickets, if he choose to take the risk. The condition of the game is this: A has a lead of 220 and the prospect of a bad wicket to bat on; can he hope to get B out for 219? If he does, he wins the match, but if B is skilful enough to survive the immediate difficulties, then A runs a chance of losing. It should be noted, however, that A can play out a portion of his innings—any portion that he likes—before the closure comes in. The objection to this, in the minds of many cricketers, is that it gives an acute and weather-wise captain too free a hand, though till the matter has been tested on the field any final decision on the point is impossible; but the mere possibility that may exist of giving too much to the leading side is an ample argument against option, whether that option is given to A or to B. Our own feeling—and we do not stand alone—is that a hard and fast law is better on the whole than giving a freedom of choice to either side. To give one side the choice of innings is to some minds an evil, but it is no greater an evil than to allow the dealer at *whist* to turn up the trump suit; but with the choice of innings let all privileges stop, and let hand-in and hand-out be a stern feature of the game.

As to the morality of forcing the hand of the existing law by deliberately bowling wide no-balls to the boundary, every individual has a right to his own opinions, and there was a genuine touch of humour on the part of the *Times*, when the Cambridge-Oxford incident occurred, in publishing simultaneously letters from Lord Cobham and his brother, the Hon. E. Lyttelton, taking absolutely opposite views. Every man has a right to his own opinion on the subject; but when one old cricketer says that "he would do it any day," and another that "he would sooner pull a horse," argument only leads to exacerbation of temper. It is hard to feel the pulse of the cricketing world; but as far as one can judge the throb at present indicates a flow of blood in the direction of repeal, unless the deliberate presentation of runs to the opposite side is to be regarded as strictly analogous to the running of a "coup" or the giving of a miss at billiards, neither of which feats are regarded as "bad form," or "unsportsmanlike." Those who are behind the scenes know that an "incident" nearly occurred in a county match played recently at Lord's, and that had the captain given the word the deed would have been done and the follow-on saved in due course; the order, however, was not issued, a fact which we regret, as it may have deferred the repeal of the obnoxious rule, which sooner or later is bound to lead to the anomalous sight of bowlers trying to give away runs, and of batsmen doing their best to get out. Unfortunately for the batsman, it is always the bowler's turn to lead, though it is a nice question of law and its interpretation to decide what has happened when the batsman knocks his wicket down before the bowler, having started his run, delivers the ball, purposely sending a huge and palpable and called no-ball to the leg boundary. The question for the jurist is, can a man be out to a ball before it has been bowled?



POINTS of view make a vast amount of difference. A week ago the one person who really feels that he is entitled to write in the first person plural in *COUNTRY LIFE* was in London. Except that it was abominably hot, all appeared to go merrily as a marriage bell, and it seemed to be a part of the order of Nature that the water supply should be constant, that the streets should be swimming in water, to the comfort of the pedestrian but to the infinite misery of the bicyclist. But that same person has since then been basking in the sun in the country, and, amongst other things, he has been boating on all that remained of the so-called River Thames. To be plain, it is a terrible spectacle, and the river is barely navigable. Where water should be there are shelving banks of mud, there is no stream to speak of, and the lock-keepers and the like have never seen the river so low and for so long a period. Beyond doubt something must be done, and if Parliament and the London County Council cannot agree upon a method of getting water from a distance, the counties round London will very shortly bring pressure to bear in an unpleasant fashion.

What the precise method may be it is rather difficult to say; but where there is a will there is a way, and the country may be relied upon to find a way of making itself unpleasant. It is not merely a matter of the Thames basin, although things are bad enough in all conscience there. Hertfordshire also is being gradually desiccated. Wells which used to be abundant produce no water; and only the men and the institutions possessing long purses can afford, by digging deeper than their neighbours, to have water. The plain fact of the matter is that the old theory that there was water enough for all, and to spare, in the chalk has been completely exploded. There is nothing of the kind, and the ominous way in which the level has gone down in private London wells proves it. Moreover, the longer London waits the more London will have to pay, which may be good news to owners of property in the Welsh water-sheds, but is certainly very sorry comfort to the London ratepayer.

There is something very pathetic about the departure of the young Duke of Albany and his mother and sister for Germany. The Duchess herself has had a sad life. The boy has been brought up as an English gentleman, and, at the last moment, he has been confirmed in England. And now, since neither the Duke of Connaught nor his bright son, Prince Arthur, will accept the succession to the Coburg duchy, the young Duke of Albany must needs become a German. To be a German, no doubt, is excellent, but we Englishmen may be pardoned if we think that it is better to be an Englishman. His mother's last words to her friends at Esher were full of pathos: "As it has been my constant endeavour since I came to England to become a good Englishwoman, so now I shall use my whole strength to induce him to become a good and loyal German."

Quite the richest thing which has happened for a long time is the conditional legacy which, according to the *Spectator*, has been left to Mr. Arthur Balfour. The *Spectator* is not a scandal-loving nor a sensational paper, and we have therefore no hesitation in believing the story. It is to the effect that an old lady has left to the First Lord of the Treasury, who is quite rich, a handsome legacy on the terms that he will swear an awful and unbreakable oath never to play golf again on Sundays. Mr. Balfour, whether he has played golf on Sundays or not, is hardly likely to accept the legacy. But how flagrantly narrow the whole thing is. Many of us, with very little excuse, seek our athletic pleasure on Sundays, and are, or think we are, none the worse for it. But the Leader of the House of Commons is necessarily one of the hardest-worked men in England; to grudge him his pleasant Sunday is surely the extreme of bigotry; and to try to bribe him into being "unco guid" is just a little absurd.

We are indebted to the *Daily Telegraph* for directing our attention to a wholly delightful article by a Mr. Cameron, of Scotland, in a paper called *Fashion*. Mr. Cameron's theory, which we hasten so to ventilate as to be in time to be of service for late arrivals at the moors, is that the kilt, made in common homespuns, is far and away the best shooting costume. Nay, more, he assures his readers that some enterprising sportsmen adopted it in the Midlands last season. If that be so it is a wonder that the world did not hear more of it. Our own impression was that the kilt had been given up for all save military purposes by the Highlanders themselves, and that across the border it adorned and displayed Saxon legs for the most part. But if Mr. Cameron had his way the kilt would appear in Norfolk. The heavens forefend!

They have no August Bank Holiday in the Law Courts, a fact which is a matter of indifference to barristers and judges, to whom a Bank Holiday crowd is by no means alluring. But if the Courts had no holiday on Monday, they at least had the benefit of a story as good as any play, and a great deal better than most of them. That was the story of Captain Adams, of the 5th Lancers, who, to please Mrs. Kingscote, and to save from bankruptcy Mrs. Kingscote's friend, whom he had never seen, married the said friend out of hand, but without the slightest intention of living with her. Having been beguiled by Mrs. Kingscote into this novel method of rescuing a fair damsel from the meshes of the law, Captain Adams went to India, and thither the damsel would have followed him, but he would not permit her, and his colonel seems to have said that he was quite right. Of like opinion was Mr. Justice Bucknill, of the Divorce Court, who explained that nothing could be said against Captain Adams, except that he "was ignorant of the ways of the world"—which was a nice way of putting it—and that nothing had been said or done by him inconsistent with the conduct of an English gentleman and an officer. Surely the divine right of every man to make an ass of himself if he pleases was never more clearly laid down in a court of law. As for the trick against the Bankruptcy Court—that clearly does not count.

A decision was reached on Monday also in another case of widespread interest, that of the Peel heirlooms, and it is really interesting to observe the fatherly care bestowed by the Court of Appeal upon the subject. For Sir Robert Peel himself the Court showed no sympathy. He is simply a reckless young man, who has done his best to ruin a splendid estate as well as himself. But he has a wife and an infant son who will succeed to the property, and for him and for her it is clearly right that some provision should be made. So far so good; but the tender care of the Court does not stop here. It has regard to sentimental considerations; it is as careful of the interests of an historic family as we should ourselves be. Only the plate, which is of no special interest, is to be sold in the first place. If that will produce a little income for Lady Peel and the boy, well and good; if not, something more must go, and the good judges will put their heads together to decide what, after the plate, can best be spared.

The Duke of Bedford has been elected President to the Zoological Society in the place of the late Sir W. Flower. No better choice could have been made by the Fellows, for the Duke has carried out the largest of all experiments in animal acclimatisation in this country, and one not limited to any special line of interest which might be classed as a hobby. The astonishing collection of foreign deer at Woburn Abbey, numbering more than 300 head, and of most kinds known in the Old and New World, is supplemented by herds of antelopes, and such a collection of water-fowl, storks, and cranes as is not to be seen at the Zoo, all living in a semi-wild condition in the park. Her Grace is also keenly interested in the animals and in the establishment of the Indian and Reeve's pheasants in the coverts. The Duke's book on the history of the Woburn and Thorney Estates shows that he is no less familiar with the details of management of a great estate. We hope that he may soon communicate to the Zoological Society his conclusions as to which of the foreign deer are best suited to our climate.

The death of M. Albert Ménier has elicited a reference to his connection with the Turf from all the papers, but none of them have referred to the famous Ménier Hounds, the biggest pack in France. There are as many as sixty couple of cross-bred Anglo-French hounds in the kennels at Villers-Cotterets (Aisne), with a staff of no less than eight men, and a score of horses for the sole use of the four servants who always turn out with the pack. The Ménier Hounds account for some forty stags each season—a figure which has not yet been reached by the Devon and Somerset. The uniform of the Ménier Hunt is the traditional pink, and the button bears a stag interlaced with the letter M.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's new theatre will have on its roof a cool and pretty garden, which will be used as a lounge. The idea is one which deserves success, for though space precludes gardens on the ground in London, there is no reason why flat roofs should not be decorated with flowers and shrubs. The difficulty is that our idea of a garden involves shade from trees and turf to walk upon. We fear neither of these can be had in the roof gardens, though any number of shrubs and flowers could be grown there. But a very good substitute for trees on the roof garden is a trellised pergola. This is easily made with creepers, and with plants below and a few small fountains makes a beautiful roof promenade. The covering of the house must be either lead or cement, but with this precaution there is a future for the "hanging garden."

The future of the Lakes of Killarney is shadowed out by the purchaser, Mr. A. G. Peck, in an interview published in a contemporary. His idea is thoroughly American, but not without originality. He means to live in the mansion, and keep 1,500 acres (as much as Richmond Park) for a home park. Part of the remainder of the total 14,000 acres of the Muckross Estate is to be cut up into 15-acre lots, on each of which a fine house is to be built, with a frontage to the lake. The tenants are to produce a guarantee that they are men of wealth, and to pledge themselves to employ fifty Irishmen per annum. The last idea is ridiculous, for there will only be a hinterland of 100 acres to each building lot. The scheme of making a colony consisting only of the rich is not a new one. It is said to work well in certain American seaside resorts, and might answer at Killarney. We suppose the lakes will remain free to the public.

Harvest has advanced with astonishing speed. Want of labour has been met, as we have always maintained that it should be met, by the free use of machinery. Luckily it is for harvest work that the only thoroughly satisfactory machine has been perfected. The "self-binder" reapers are working everywhere, one man and two or three horses being ample to reap and bind the sheaves on 200 acres of corn crops. The humblest farmers are ready to put their hands in their pockets and hand over 35 guineas for one of these splendid implements. They are unanimous that such a machine will pay for itself in the saving of labour in one harvest.

Covert will be extremely scarce in September. The man-golds, which like sun, and the clover, if still uncut, will be the only crops to hold birds. The swedes are almost killed, the white turnips small and sickly, and though the sainfoins will not be cut unless rain comes, there will be no mustard or unharvested vetches. Driving will be general on estates where it is not usually practised.

Middlesex has done some smart things this year, but never has the side played so well together as a side as it played against Surrey last Saturday. To follow-on with a deficiency of some 220 runs is not cheerful—Surrey, by the way, was badly treated by the follow-on law—but notwithstanding the good bowling, Surrey was left with more than 200 runs to get to win. Francis Ford was at his best, more cautious and less punishing than usual, but he fairly saved his side, thanks not a little to the loyal support he received from Wells and McGregor—loyal, because they realised the position and left him to do the work while they "sat on their bats" and kept up their wickets. McGregor's hitting later on in his innings was excellent, but till about 4.15 or 4.30 Surrey always had a chance. A more exciting afternoon's cricket has seldom been seen, even at the Oval.

The hot weather has caused what the old writers called "general morbid conditions" in stagnant pools and sluggish streams and canals. On the latter there has been a severe mortality among the tench, especially on a long stretch of the old Berks and Wilts Canal. In the Delf Stream at Sandwich thousands of dead eels have been found floating on the surface. Those whose fish-ponds are unusually low should at once remove the fish elsewhere if possible, and take the opportunity to clean out the ponds. If some of the fish are put in water-carts and tubs, the ponds can be divided by dams, and the water and remaining fish thrown into one compartment while the other is cleared of mud.

Only a few weeks ago Bishop Mitchinson, in an address to the boys of Cheltenham College, was sounding a note of warning about the excessive value that modern boys place on athletic successes, at the expense of successes in intellectual fields of labour. Dr. Hill, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, has sounded a warning note in the other sense, telling the boys of University College School the tale told before, that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The scholarship system, he conceives, inclines masters to stuff boys with knowledge beyond their powers of digestion. It is not our part to umpire between such great authorities so widely differing; but it is comforting to

think of the possibility that between the fires of these two extremists our present system may be in the happy mean. At least we are able to point to some notable names, such as Lyttelton, Fry, and many another, that answer either extreme of argument by denoting a union of scholarly and athletic qualities. Our sympathy is, of course, with Dr. Hill rather than with Bishop Mitchinson; but we know quite well that sympathy is not always rational.

M. George Averof, who lately died at Alexandria, was a Greek philanthropist, who made a large fortune in Egypt, and expended a portion of it in the resuscitation of the Olympic games in modern guise. Under the same guise it is proposed to hold a similar series of competitions in connection with the Centenary Exhibition at Paris. M. Averof's charitable legacies include 1,000,000fr. for the completion of the stadium at Athens, a similar sum for an agricultural college at Larissa, and 2,500,000fr. for a training-ship, as well as many other bequests.

Accidents at polo are numerous, and serious enough, but happily it is seldom that one has to notice such a fearful and sudden mishap as that by which Mr. John Dryborough met his death while playing for the well-known Rugby team against Mulgrave House. It is satisfactory to know, according to the accounts to hand, that no one was to blame. It was one of those unfortunate accidents resulting from a collision which may occur without fault on either side, and is inseparable from any game that has in it the exciting element of danger. Mr. Dryborough's terribly sudden death will be none the less widely deplored for that reason. Both he and his brother, Mr. T. B. Dryborough, who was mainly instrumental in getting up the Edinburgh Polo Club, have done a great deal to encourage the game both in England and in Scotland.

The biggest trout caught for many a year in the Fifeshire Eden was taken one day last week by Mr. G. Moir. It weighed 7lb. 6oz. For the rest, fishing has been rather poor, and many of the rivers have been too clear and low for the fly. The grilse season on the East Coast rivers has been an unusually good one, and the prospects for the autumn salmon fishing seem brighter than for some years past. On the other hand, the "herling," as they call the sea-trout grilse in some parts—the "finnock" of other rivers—have not come up to the average; but there is time for them to show better sport yet. With the sea-trout, locally called peal in Devonshire, West Country fishermen have had some fun; but rain is wanted even there, according to latest reports. The Thames, too, is running very low. Accounts of sea-angling for mackerel, pollack, bass, and so on, are good enough to make many of us begin to think that we put too much store by our river fish and not enough by those in the sea.

The fishers of coarse fish, if so they may be called without offence—the sportsmen who occupy themselves contemplatively with angling for other things than salmonidae—all these excellent people are in a great perturbation lest the Thames be spoiled for their recreation by the introduction, according to the present proposals, of the game fish. Every piscatorial society in London seems to be passing resolutions to the effect that the re-introduction of salmon will be a calamity if it is to imply any interference with the present right of the plain man to catch a barbel. Quite so; but why should such interference be implied? It is not to be believed for a moment that it is so implied. But, at the same time, the coarse fishers are perfectly right to make clear their point that they do not mean it to be implied. After all, it remains a very open question for the present whether the restocking, if attempted, will be a success. There is only one class that is certain to reap an advantage by it, and that is the pike, that are no doubt hungrily expecting it.

Our Portrait Illustration.

MRS. STUART WORTLEY, whom our frontispiece shows surrounded by a group of her charming children, is the wife of that gallant soldier, Major Edward Charles Stuart Wortley, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who has served in Afghanistan twice, in the Transvaal, in the Egyptian War, on the Nile Expeditions of 1884-86 and 1898, and in the Soudan Expedition of 1897. She is the daughter of the late Mr. James Alexander Guthrie, of Craigie, Aberdeen, and the children's names are Nicholas Rothesay, Louise Violet Beatrice, and Elizabeth Valetta. Major Stuart Wortley is the second son of the late Hon. Francis D. Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, who was the son of the second Baron Wharncliffe. Their homes are Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, Hants, and 31, Bruton Street, W.



AMOUS throughout the world is the firm of Messrs. Veitch and Sons, and its history is a history in a large degree of horticulture in this country. Our gardens are sprinkled with fair flowers brought by their collectors from sunny Japan and China, the isles of the South and other lands, tropical and temperate, all made to yield of their treasures to glorify the pleasure grounds, woodlands, and hothouses of Britain. The "Veitchi," as the self-clinging Virginian creeper (*Ampelopsis Veitchi*) is familiarly called, was introduced by Mr. J. Gould Veitch from Japan, and few houses, of the town and its suburbs in particular, are without its fresh green covering, which in the autumn, ere

Sea Islands, introduced amongst a glorious host of lovely flowers the

Golden-rayed lily
(*Lilium auratum*).

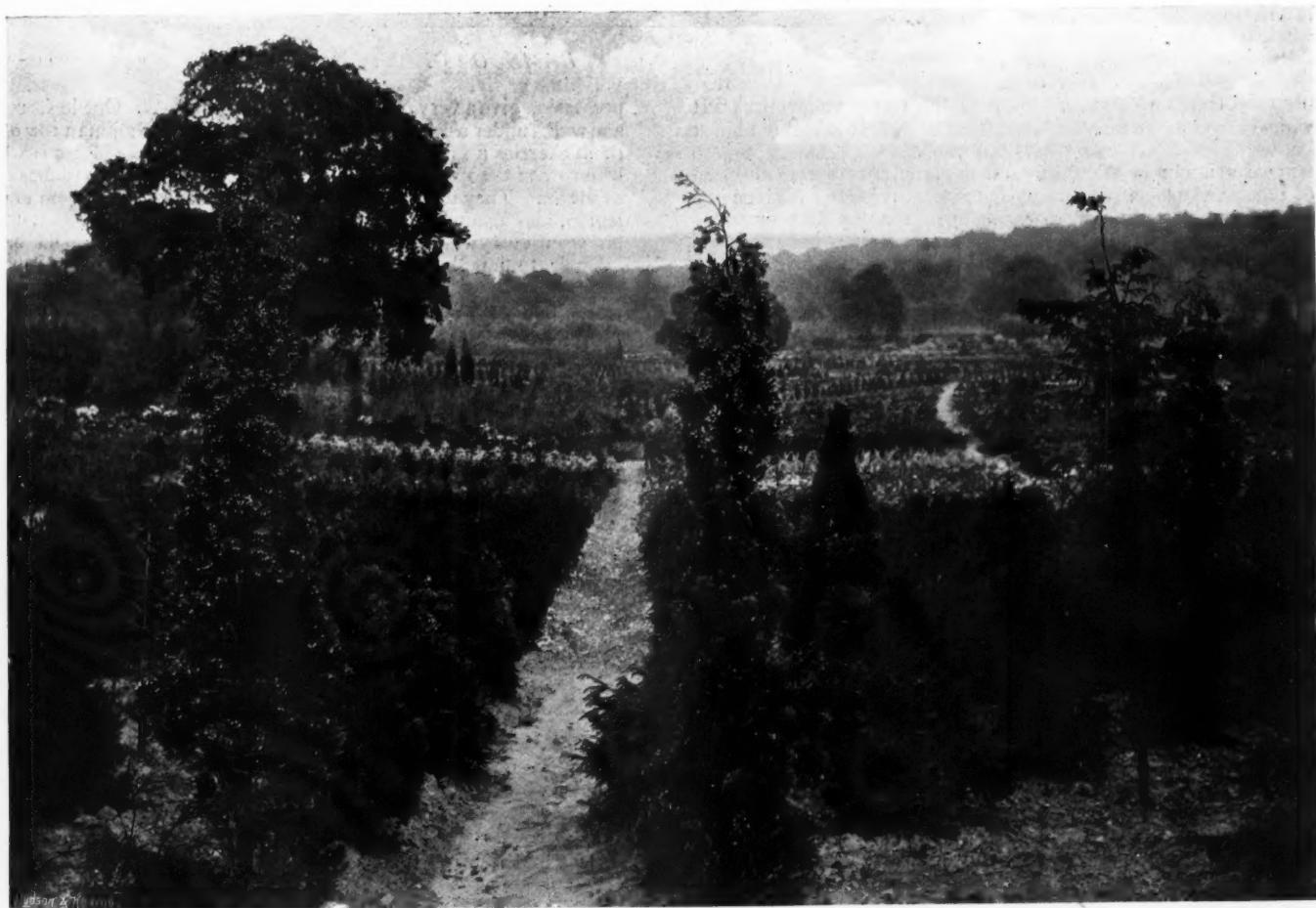
Primula cortusoides avuna, a bright flower for the greenhouse, and represented by many delicately-coloured forms.

Love-lies-bleeding (*Amaranthus melancholicus ruber*).

Pandanus Veitchi.

Cryptomeria elegans.

Mr. J. G. Veitch introduced many popular hardy flowers, trees, conifers, and exotics, and when one reads the early history of the firm, we know that the Brothers Lobb, Pearce, Hutton, Davis, Curtis, Maries, and others, travelled in the four quarters of the globe to enrich the gardens of our sea-girt isles.



Copyright

VIEW IN COOMBE WOOD NURSERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the leaf falls, turns to tints of crimson and gold. When one begins to dive deeply into the history of the firm, it is astounding to discover that so many precious homely flowers of the present day were brought to our shores through the splendid work accomplished by Veitch's collectors and hybridists in the past, and continued with the same vigour, hybridisation to create new forms especially, in our own time.

It will surely interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE to know that the late John Gould Veitch, an intrepid traveller in Japan, China, the Philippines, Australia, and the South

The famous collectors, the Brothers Lobb, introduced :

Wellingtonia gigantea. *Thuja Lobbi*. *Philesia buxifolia*.

Desfontainea sj inosa. *Davallia alpina*.

Embothrium coccineum. *Lapageria rosea*.

P eromia elegans. *Tropaneum speciosum*. *T. Lobbi*.

Berberis Durwini. *Escallonia macrantha*.

Delphinium cardinalis. *Whitavia grandiflora*.

Our brief list of plants associated with the name of Veitch excites one's curiosity to learn something of the beginnings of this famous nursery. It was towards the close of the last century

that the foundation was laid of the present noble structure. At Killerton, near Exeter, the great grandfather of the present senior of the firm began business. He came as a young man from the "land of cakes," Jedburgh in Scotland, which has given to the world a great race of gardeners. In due course his son, James Veitch, joined the business, and he again was assisted by his son James. It would probably weary our readers to enter into details, and therefore we pass them over until the year 1853, which marked an important undertaking, the purchase of Messrs. Knight and Perry's nursery in the King's Road, Chelsea. This began a new era, and by splendid pluck and perseverance, keen judgment, and foresight, a business was built up which to the present day has maintained its great reputation. It extended on all sides, the travellers of the firm sending home their rich finds in foreign lands, and now are added to the acres of glasshouses at Chelsea the fruit nurseries at Southfields, Fulham, Langley, near Slough, Feltham, and the picturesque valley of Coombe Wood, in which our illustrations were taken.

Coombe Wood is one of the most beautiful nurseries in Britain, and was begun in 1859, being held under lease from the Duke of Cambridge. At that time the original wood skirted the public road from Wimbledon Common to Kingston-on-Thames, and the whole of the nursery ground, thirty acres in extent, was gradually cleared and filled with rare and beautiful trees and shrubs. Here in the lovely valley, fragrant with the breath of flowers, with the park of Richmond almost bordering it upon one side, and the view stretching to the famous common of Wimbledon, is gathered together a collection of Japanese trees of rare beauty and interest. Japan has given us a host of trees and rare shrubs, to wit, the lily tree or yulan (*Magnolia conspicua*) and cherries, which are, it is not too much to declare, more precious than anything in the spring, when every branch is enveloped in blossom. Lately a new Japanese cherry was shown by Messrs. Veitch at the Royal Horti-

of pleasant journeyings, he writes of the cherries about Tokio in Japan. We wish the finer kinds were used more freely in British gardens. It is time that in all good gardens the exquisite shrubs and trees of other countries were largely planted in the pleasure grounds and woods. On page 105 of the volume referred to, it is stated that the "cherries in this neighbourhood (Tokio) are magnificent. Tinted photographs which I have in my



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BAMBOO GROUPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

possession give a very complete idea of their beauty. One looks up and walks under a ceiling of the softest pink. At Mukojima a row of these cherries a mile long by the river bank, in some places faced by a row on the opposite side of the road, is a sight it will be difficult to forget. They are planted around most temples, and these are legion, and also many private houses. Cherries are, in fact, to be seen everywhere in and around Tokio, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful for the few days they are in flower. The species is known scientifically as *Prunus Mume*; it is really an apricot."

Alfred Parsons, whose studies of Japanese flowers possess much charm, in his "Notes in Japan" speaks, too, of this beautiful early tree. He mentions that the "cherry in the Yoshino groves has a single flower, pale pink in colour; this is followed by another kind with white blossoms, more like the European species. Both of these are wild, and from them the Japanese gardeners have raised many varieties, double and single flowered, some with the growth of the weeping willow, and others with a spreading habit. The flowers vary in colour from white to light crimson, and I noticed some young trees with large double blossoms which were pale yellow with a pink flush on the outer petals, like a delicate tea rose."

But this is rather a digression. We must return to the history and work of the firm, and one of its most interesting and valuable branches is that of hybridising to get new forms utterly distinct from anything that has appeared. Orchidists know of the earlier successes of John Dominy and the wonderful hybrids shown at the exhibitions, crosses that created

when they appeared no small stir in floricultural circles, and this great work is carried on by John Seden, John Heal, and others, each in his department, and each under the guidance of Mr. Harry Veitch.

We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the hybridist. He is more important even than the introducer of native flowers, for he has built up glorious "families" of plants, if one may use this



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RHODODENDRONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

cultural Society's meeting, and illustrated in these columns, a variety introduced by and named after a member of the firm, J. H. Veitch, who a few years ago travelled through many lands in quest of new flowers to interest horticulturists at home. The big winter cherry (*Physalis Alkekengi* Franchetti) was one of this important throng, and in Mr. Veitch's volume, "A Traveller's Notes," a delightful record

Aug. 12th, 1899.]

term without offending the botanist, and endowed our gardens, hothouse and otherwise, with flowers of wonderful colours. The exhibition of Amaryllis or Hippeastrums each spring in the Chelsea nursery is a revelation of the great work accomplished by the hybridist, who has in view certain colours or shapes he wishes and intends to produce by cross fertilisation. Hence the whites are purified, the scarlet tones enriched, and foreign undesirable shades eliminated, to brighten and beautify the entire race. Much money and time are spent upon this great work, and the Messrs. Veitch are pioneers in the art, an art which is pursued with marvellous success. To them we are indebted for the brilliant winter-flowering begonias, John Heal, and other useful hybrids, streptocarpuses, the greenhouse rhododendrons, which are always in bloom, Pitcher plants or Nepenthes, and, of course, orchids.

The greenhouse hybrid rhododendrons form one of the most useful races of indoor plants brought into the world, and we wish the finer kinds were more cultivated in English gardens. No matter whether the season is winter or summer, one or other hybrid will be in full beauty, and the flowers are delightfully coloured with various hues, from buff to deepest crimson.

It is difficult, indeed, to write much concerning this nursery without possibly wearying readers with details of interest only to those who are keen hybridists or value the rare introductions from abroad, but we must not forget that such a nursery as this is the cradle of flowers and fruits that will benefit humanity in the future. We are delighted to know that in the Langley nursery new fruits are being raised to increase interest in this important phase of British gardening and farming. True, we have sufficient varieties, but the art of the hybridist is not merely to increase an already over-burdened list, but to improve greatly upon existing types, hence to thrust them in time out of cultivation. With strawberries, gooseberries, and raspberries Messrs. Veitch

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A STANDARD RHODODENDRON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have been remarkably successful. Veitch's Perfection strawberry, into which is infused the flavour of the British Queen variety, queen of strawberries for flavour, but defective in productiveness, is likely to become a standard kind; and hence we might enumerate productions from the firm which in time every lover of his or her garden will value for some characteristic virtue. In the great workshop of the hybridist, hidden, it is true, from the eyes of ordinary mortals, splendid productions are manufactured to benefit mankind and make life pleasanter by their presence, whether it be a beautiful flower, luscious fruit, or wholesome esculent.

Beyond the region of flowers and hybridising the name of Veitch is revered. Mr. Harry Veitch, senior of the firm, is treasurer of the Royal Gardeners' Benevolent Institution, and a strong pillar of support to that deserving charity, whilst both



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ACRES OF YOUNG SHRUBS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. James H. Veitch, and Mr. J. Gould Veitch, his nephews, are untiring in their efforts to promote everything that concerns gardening in its manifold branches. We can hardly resist the temptation to write more of these great horticulturists, but their good works are reflected in the gardens of England and other lands.

It is not only in cultivating and raising new flowers that the Messrs. Veitch are concerned. The works of Mr. Harry Veitch are recognised as authoritative upon the subjects they deal with. The manual upon "Coniferae" is, of course, a standard work, and more interesting still from the firm's association with the finer introductions of late years. Not a few of the noblest conifers in English gardens, as we have previously pointed out, were introduced by the late Mr. J. Gould Veitch, under the direction of Mr. James Veitch; and the *Wellingtonia gigantea* avenue in

the Coombe Wood nursery at once brings this important fact to our notice. Orchids are described also in a special work; indeed, all who intend to make any subject treated in the works written by the firm a study should consult these valuable volumes, in which history, cultivation, and all necessary information is plainly set forth for the uninitiated to digest.

The illustrations we publish are confined to the nursery at Coombe Wood, because picturesque and beautiful. A few of our English nurseries are as charming as a garden, and pleasurable it is to walk through the grounds, to discover masses of some new shrub or old friends. Trees, shrub, water flowers, the beautiful *nymphæas*, open wide in the hot sun, bamboos rustling in the breeze, and leafy rhododendrons are freely planted, or, may be, the hydrangeas in rich variety near to hardy azalea, kalmia, and andromeda. Bamboos and *nymphæas* are vastly distinct families, but at Coombe Wood both are grown in great variety and perfection. Of late years the complexion of English gardens has changed, and the woodlands, pleasure grounds, mixed borders, and beds have undergone a complete revolution. This great upsetting of the old order of things has been assisted by the noble plants introduced by Messrs. Veitch and others during recent years. Bamboos of many kinds have been proved hardy, and the work of the hybridist is seen in the glorious water-lilies that colour the surface of many English ponds and lakes. Honest labour, untiring industry, and keen knowledge of the way to proceed, will accomplish much, and this we have seen in our necessarily disjointed notes concerning one of the foremost of British horticultural houses, the members of which we know will not relax their efforts to deepen the love for flowers, and to give to the world fresh products from their delightful workshops, wherein are raised new plants of all kinds for future generations to cherish.



Copyright

A FLOWER-MARGINED PATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

LITERARY NOTES.

ONE hears a good deal vaguely and from time to time of the literary clubs, of the Savile, with the motto of "Societas et Convivium," which some of its members try hard to live up to, and of the Savage, which is one of the few remaining clubs which purport to exact of their members not merely a subscription, but also a qualification. They are supposed to have made a name of some sort in literature, science, or art; and although the qualification is looked at in a fairly generous spirit, there is still a certain pride in belonging, or having belonged, to the Savage Club. The Yorick is the same kind of club in a smaller and more humble way, and the Garrick, on a larger scale, is more or less literary. A minor club of the kind is the Whitefriars, of which the members are nearly all literary. But although they have a club room in hotel, the main business of their lives as clubmen is to dine and smoke and the like in sweet converse; and, like the printers, they have an annual outing.

The club of clubs, from the literary point of view, is the Athenæum. It is respectable, almost painfully respectable. It has Bishops and Generals among its members, and sometimes a very petty spirit is shown in the rejection of men who certainly ought to be elected, and would be elected if personal spite did not interpose obstacles. Still, on the whole, the greater number of the best literary men of the day find their way by hook or by crook into the Athenæum. If there were any literary men of the day of like eminence to Dickens and Thackeray, and if they were to quarrel and to make friends again, the reconciliation might very well take place, as the famous reconciliation of Thackeray and Dickens took place, in the hall of the Athenæum; and if the Athenæum can no longer number amongst its members the equals of Sydney Smith, Matthew Arnold, and Dean Stanley, it still remains the most eminent literary club in England, and perhaps in the world.

Moreover, splendid as its site is, the architecture is quite worthy of the site. Outside it is perhaps the best example of Greek architecture to be found in England, and inside it is superb. But it is also jealously guarded, and strangers are kept very much at arm's length. You may call on a friend at the Athenæum, you may glance at the beautiful hall with its Alma Tadema ceiling, but your friend may not, in Devonshire parlance, "So much as ask whether you have got a mouth," or ask you to luncheon. Nay, more, he may not take you into any room of the club, but, if he desires to talk quietly with you, he escorts you apologetically to a baize-lined recess near the door, which is about as commodious as a telephone box, and suggests to one the kind of apartment which in less refined days would have been called a boothole.

All this is because the Athenæum is a thing of old times and of bygone fashions, and because it is otherwise old-fashioned it has got to be altered. In the days of John Wilson Croker, the man who smoked had no social rights as a smoker. In the Athenæum he was relegated to a cellar, and he has endured that cellar for many generations. But the time has come when he is no longer content to be sent "to a cellar deep where none can hear him bawl," and the Athenæum has got to be enlarged. No sooner was this news known than there were grave apprehensions; and well there might be, for the Athenæum is a reproduction of the Parthenon, and one might as well strive to add the lacking

limbs to the Venus of Milo as to build an annex on to the Athenæum. But, on the principle that "what the eye cannot see the heart cannot grieve over," we may take heart and comfort. The additional building will be on the top, but practically invisible from Waterloo Place, and it will be kept so far back as not to interfere with the view of the outline of the building. That is the promise; let us hope it will be kept.

Otherwise the members of the august club may console themselves on the principle of a certain philosopher of my acquaintance. In a very beautiful place where he meant to spend his summer there were several houses more or less fair to view, and there was one which was hideous. He took it and settled himself in it for the summer, and when his friends remonstrated, he answered, "If I had taken one of the other houses this one would always have been an eyesore to me; as it is, I need never see it except when I go out." In like manner, if the Athenæum is spoiled, its members will be the men who will suffer least.

A little bird has whispered to me that Miss Jekyll's profits on "In Wood and Garden," which has been out but a few months, are already on the verge of five figures. It is most earnestly to be hoped that this is a true whisper, and for these reasons. Firstly, Miss Jekyll is a person who has a paramount charm of merit, and when thorough knowledge, careful work, graceful writing, and the true humility of a lady succeed, that is good. Secondly, her subject is one which COUNTRY LIFE holds closely at heart, and its popularity is a sign of the healthy state of the public taste. Men and women talk of the craze for garden subjects as a characteristic of the age. It is certainly a healthy topic, better, for example, for the moral health than the eternal sex problem or anything of that kind, and I do not for one moment believe that the "craze," as they call it, is ephemeral.

No, the love of the subjects which belong to the open air spreads farther and wider every day, and it is to that in large measure that I trace the rapid and almost unprecedented success of COUNTRY LIFE. No reputable paper of high class has ever made such advances, and the appetite upon which it thrives grows stronger and more general every day. I hear, too, that the Editor, of whom I stand in awe, is constantly asked to recommend to beginners and others some good and thoroughly practical book on gardening. There is practically none, covering the whole field, which he is able to recommend without reserve. But that will not long be the case, for among the early additions to the "COUNTRY LIFE Library" will be a book on gardening, beautifully illustrated and beautifully cheap, written for practical use and containing essays on special subjects by the very highest authorities.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Human Boy." Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
- "On the Edge of the Empire." E. A. Jepson and Captain B. Ames. (Heinemann.)
- "Shakespeare's Country." B. C. Windle. (Methuen.)
- "The Trail of the Gold Seekers." Hamlin Garland. (Macmillan.)
- "The Maternity of Harriet Wicken." Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Heinemann.)
- "W. G." Dr. W. G. Grace. (Bowden.)

LOOKER-ON.

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TEA-PLANTING IN INDIA.



PLUCKING.

TWENTY years ago it would have been hard to believe that in 1898 some 135 million pounds of tea would have been produced in India and sent to London, not taking into account nearly 100 million pounds from Ceylon and 23 millions from China and Japan; and when we consider that in addition to these figures, leaving China altogether out

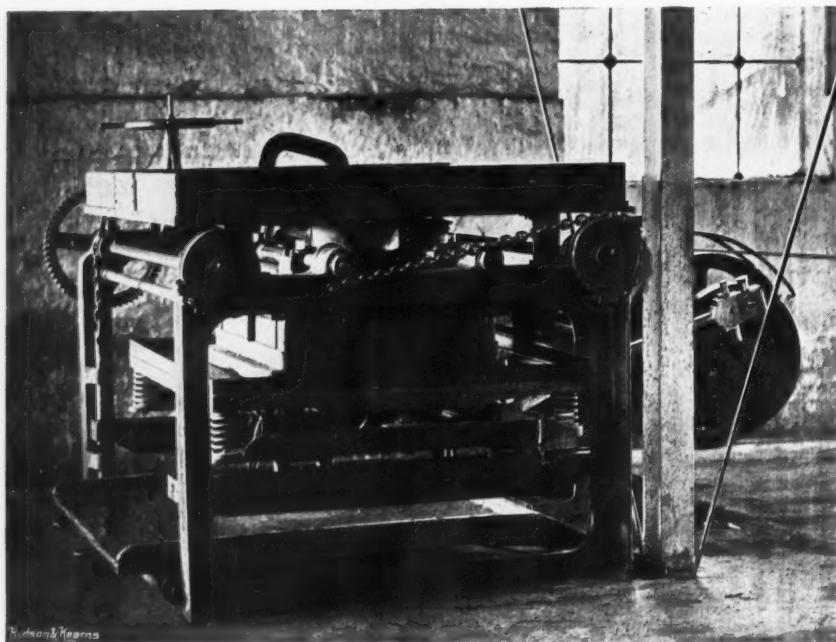
of the question, some 30 million pounds went direct from India and Ceylon to Australia, America, Asia, and Russia, we arrive altogether at figures most startling, and it is but little wonder that, when the question arises, "What can I do with so and so?" many a parent wonders whether the said son could not find congenial employment and obtain a living as a tea-planter.

That such is the case in many instances there is no room to doubt, and many a man with a small capital of his own—too small to invest in England with any hope of obtaining a living from it—has done well in India by judiciously investing the same in tea after he has obtained a real practical knowledge of planting and manufacture on some well-established and flourishing concern.

Good soil is a *sine qua non*, and no one who has not a good constitution, and who is not prepared to spend many years in comparative solitude and monotony, need expect to do well. A very large amount of tact, too, is necessary to manage coolies, than whom few people, if any, are better judges of character. Constant European supervision is necessary, with absolute impartiality, firmness, and kindness; it is indeed amazing how a man who knows their language well, their customs and peculiarities, can get tasks out of them, well and happily done, which they would never dream of doing for others who in the morning, from the steps of the verandah,



WEIGHING UP.



A ROLLING MACHINE.

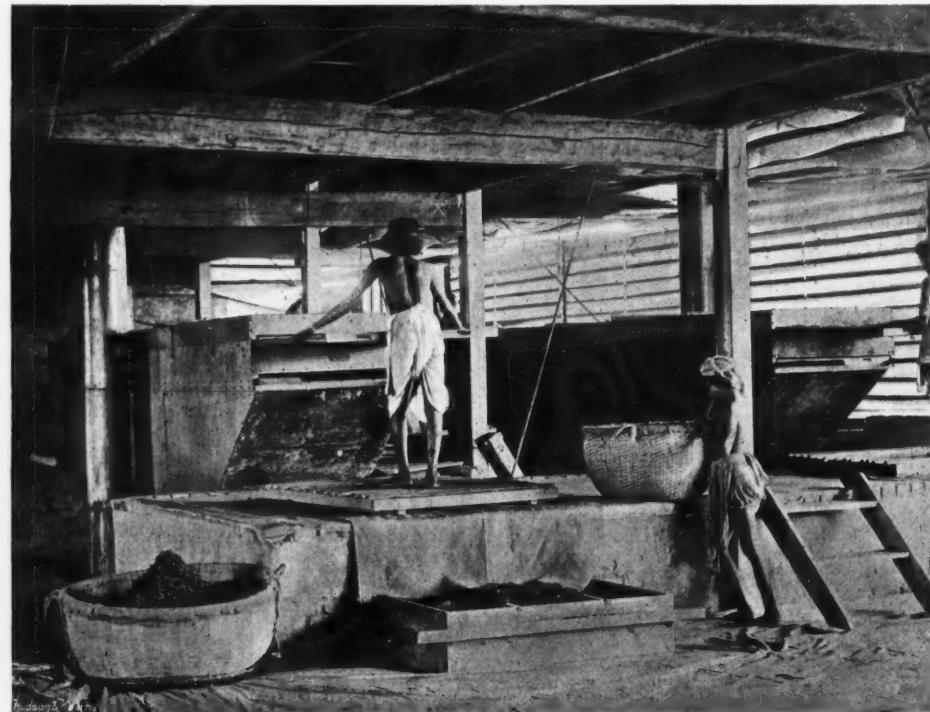
give orders to some head-man, and never themselves talk to coolies or watch their work, except from the roads. I will not go through all the details of making a garden from the start, extremely interesting though it be, viz., felling the larger trees, selling or storing the soft-wooded ones for firewood, burning the smaller ones and brushwood, giving the entire acreage desired to be planted a good hoeing, chaining out triangularly into five-acre blocks if on the level, making paths round each block, and a large centre road in the middle, planting the seed 4 in. apart in beds, like asparagus beds in England, and transplanting each seedling during the rains into good holes dug 5 ft. apart, tending and nursing each through their first two years until in their third they are old enough to pick; but I will take my readers on to an older plantation, which has safely gone through these initial stages, and where a young fellow coming out from England is far more likely to obtain his start.

Morning muster should be always attended by a European, either by the manager himself or an assistant deputed by him, and here orders for the day are given, so many coolies being told off to "pluck," so many to hoe, sickle, go to roads, bridges, and various other works as required. We will follow our young English friend to the PLUCKING, and admire the wonderful dexterity with which an old-established hand and intelligent Nagpuri or Nepalese woman will pick the two little top leaves and the little bud in the middle, so fast that it is hard to realise what she is about, throwing them constantly into her basket slung over her shoulder or her forehead, according as she is a hill or a plains woman, or one from the hills of Nepaul. Our assistant should stay with these until he feels that they are working well, taking no immature leaf, leaving none that is ready and at a correct stage for plucking, when he may pass on to the men who are hoeing and whose work he must look over, making the head-men in charge measure it out before him. Piece-work is always given for this; the leaf is plucked by day-work, an ordinary woman being able, when it is plentiful, to bring in at five o'clock about 20 lb. in weight, though it is customary, in order to prevent its spoiling, for it to be brought in at midday as well as in the evening. Luncheon at about one, and out at two, or soon after, to again look after the plucking till five o'clock, when the gong or whistle sounds; and with the exception of WEIGHING UP leaf, carefully counting the baskets as they are brought to the factory, and listening to complaints and enquiries which may arise, our friend's work is practically over for the day. Simple it may seem—monotonous it certainly is, sun and rain taken into account; *really hard* it also is. But it has its

compensations—freedom and responsibility are the greatest—and is vastly preferable to many to an office life in London.

We have now followed the leaf into the factory, and it is spread out thinly on bamboo mats, thin cloth, or wire netting, in order to prepare it for "rolling." After some hours, say about six, it becomes soft and flabby, so that when squeezed by hand it is quite flexible, and feels, or should do, like kid. It is necessary, to obtain tea of good quality, that this "withering" be correctly done. If the leaves are dried up, the tea is weak; if hard and brittle, then it breaks in the rolling process, and a large proportion of it goes to "broken tea," fetching a low price. A proper "withering" obtained, some 300 lb. is swept up and put into A ROLLING MACHINE, which is worked by the engine for about 20 min.; this is then taken out, spread thinly on a damp, cool place, and covered with damp cloths until it obtains a reddish-brown hue. It is then again rolled for 10 min. or more, and again extracted and covered up till the correct colour, which practice alone will teach, is obtained by this "fermentation," or, as some call it now, oxidisation. The leaf is now ready for THE DRYING MACHINE; a small hand one is shown here, consisting of ten or twenty trays worked by men at each end, sliding over a large furnace. Other and larger ones are worked by the engine, which is, of course, necessary in all factories. The dried leaf issuing from the driers contains all kinds of tea, which is in turn sifted by machinery consisting mostly of different-sized wire sieves, one size above the other. CLEANING BY HAND is now necessary; pieces of bamboo, grit, dust, and dirt of all sorts are most carefully picked out by hand, women being marvellously dexterous at this, and passing the tea, as it gets cleansed, from one to the other, so that no foreign matter at all can remain.

"Bulking," i.e., mixing each tea of its own class thoroughly together, is the next operation, and this is done just previous to

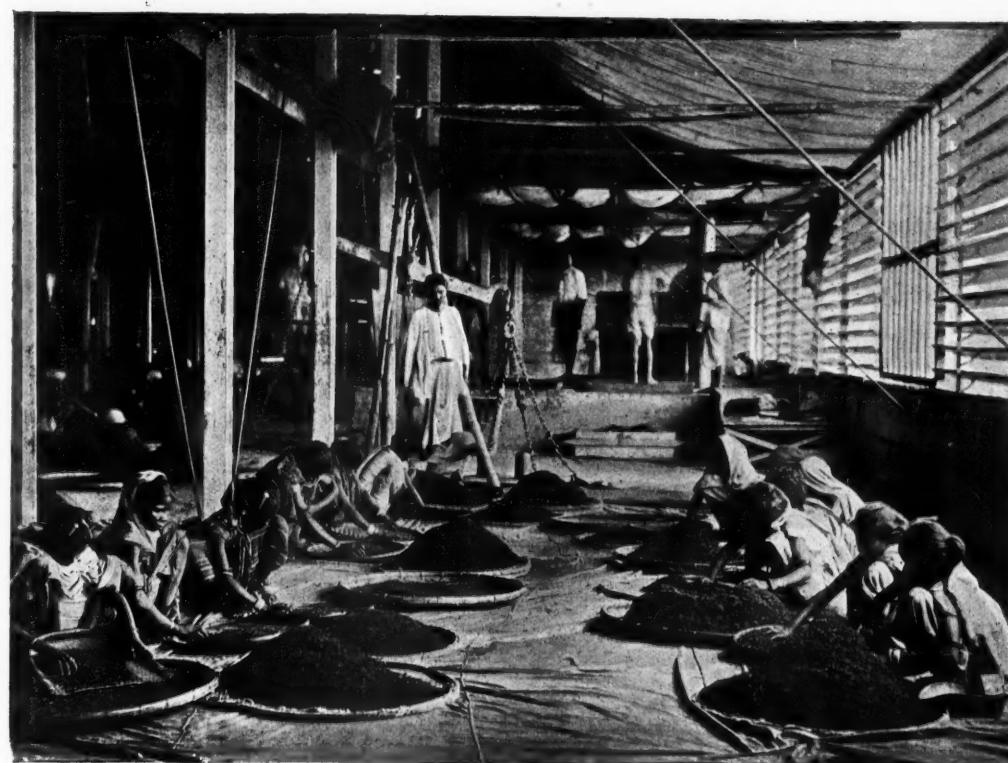


THE DRYING MACHINE.

PACKING and when some thirty chests or so of a kind are ready. Some prefer to pack daily, and allow the bulking to be done in London, but there is no doubt that if it can be satisfactorily accomplished in the factory an immense saving is effected. Vested interests in London, however, are very strong. The motto "live and let live" is frequently used, and men often wonder whether their factory bulking is not sometimes unindustry condemned in order that the tea warehouses may benefit by doing it and charging for it. The chests are made of various woods growing on or near the estate. In some cases metal chests sent out from England are substituted; but the writer thinks that, although doubtless an enormous saving is effected by lead lining not being necessary, they are not on the whole

advisable where wood is obtainable.

Packing is clearly depicted, and requires no explanation. Those who are fortunate enough to work, as the writer did, for many years in the Darjeeling Hills can testify to the excellent work the hill Nepaulese and Nagpuri people perform, compared to the Nagpuris at the lower elevations. But allowances must be made for the latter, and when it comes to hoeing they can hold their own, the truth probably being that each race is best suited to its own country, Nepaulese having as great a dread of the "plains," or flat gardens, as a plains-woman would have to a steep hillside with the tea planted in terraces round the slopes of the hills. And so a planter's life goes on. It has its advantages, it has its drawbacks, chief among the latter being the exile it involves, the distance from Old England, and the very often result of out of sight out of mind. Another very great drawback is the long time necessary to wait for any return on capital invested. As estates are planted now, with machinery all the most perfect, and with the purest and best seed in the most approved style, £25 an acre is an ordinary outlay to bring it into paying condition; but that it does pay under favourable conditions as regards soil, and often sells when in mature age at £40, there can be no doubt. Absolute sobriety and steadiness, a doggedness of purpose and inexhaustible patience, combined with a hopeful disposition and good constitution—all these are necessary to enable a man to become a good tea-planter. A fair amount of sport can still in the winter months be enjoyed, though, of course, tea clearances are the most effectual of all ways of lessening game, both small and great. And for fishing, what fish can equal the tremendous tug and rush of a zolb. mahseer in a strong stream? Memories of such come thick upon one, and only the other day, on successfully landing a trout of 1lb. on the finest tackle with a dry-fly, I thought of my Nepaulese shikari, of his good-natured grin and compliments



CLEANING BY HAND.

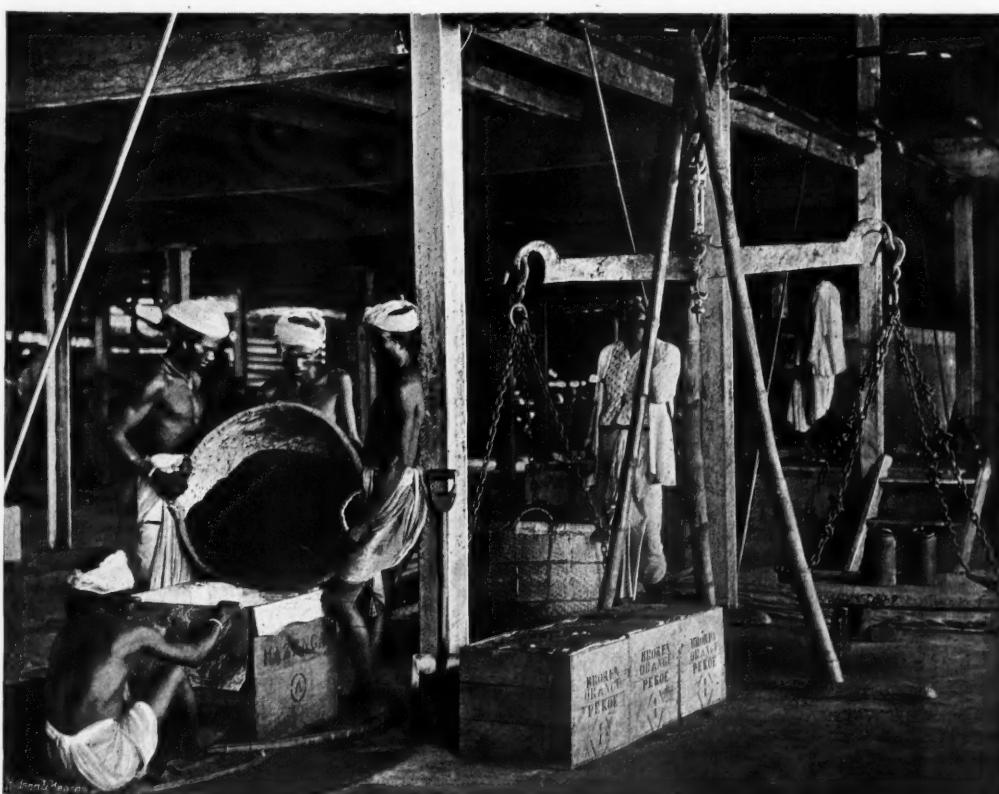
to himself on successfully gaffing, perhaps at the third or fourth time of asking, a real big fish. Well, we can't all stay in England. I wish we could; and some of us might no doubt be doing worse than planting tea in India.

CONCERNING MINIATURES.

IN view of the revival of this most exquisite art, a few gossiping notes may be interesting. Miniatures have always been most closely associated with all that is interesting and romantic in life. They strike all the chords of romance, of pathos, of passionate love and cruel neglect, and there is something so beautiful, so winning, and so secretive about a miniature in its small dainty setting that it is above all things a lover's gift.

"Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men."

If some of these old miniatures could speak, of what life histories could they not tell—of tragedies, comedies, longings never satisfied, and of love satiated? The Memoirs of a Miniature have yet to be written, and they would illumine for us many a secret page of history. Cromwell lost his head through a miniature. Holbein was despatched by Cromwell on a mission to Flanders to paint a miniature of Anne of Cleves for her suitor, Henry VIII., and so beautiful was the miniature that Henry was content to wed her. But when he saw Lady Anne, and found her so far inferior to the painting, the storm burst on the Minister, Cromwell, and not on the painter. As Walpole says, "Cromwell lost his head because Anne was a Flanders mare and not a Venus as Holbein painted her." A charming keepsake is a miniature, and so easily worn on the person. Lady Ayres in the sixteenth century wore a "lymning" (as they were then called) over her heart of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, painted by Oliver, and one day was lying in bed, dwelling with tender thoughts on her lover, and drew the miniature from its soft and delicate hiding-place to look again upon his handsome features, when suddenly she was surprised by her husband, Sir John, who demanded to see it. This indiscretion nearly cost Lord Herbert his life, for he was set upon in Whitehall and nearly killed by Sir John Ayres. The Comte de Guiche owed his life to wearing a snuffbox over his heart, for the box turned aside a bullet while in battle. In the centre of the



PACKING.

snuffbox was a miniature of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, a daughter of Charles I.

Once a miniature was the cause of a suicide. Charles I. so admired a miniature painted by Gibson that he particularly requested "his servant" Vanderdort, a Dutchman whom he had made Keeper of the Cabinet and to assist in the "mynt," to take the greatest care of it. The zealous man overdid it, for when one day His Majesty desired to see it again it could not be found. This so preyed on the servant's mind that he hanged himself.

A very charming anecdote is told in connection with a noted painter, Sir Robert Strange, who fought on the losing side at Culloden. Being pursued off the field, he sought refuge in a house where a lady, Miss Lumsden, was seated at her spinning-wheel, whom he implored to save him. Miss Lumsden's skirts were the old-fashioned hoops. "Get under my hoops and keep still," she said. The soldiers, dashing into the room and seeing only

a lady spinning, rushed out to take up the pursuit. Miss Lumsden afterwards became Lady Strange.

Charles II., hearing that many of the miniatures his father prized had got back into the hands of the widow of Oliver, the miniature painter, went to see her, and Mrs. Oliver relinquished them for an annuity of £300 a year. Presently the gay ladies of the Court obtained most of these miniatures, wearing them for their personal adornment, and Mrs. Oliver, who was a bit of a prude, hearing of it, remarked that had she known that the King was going to give them to his mistresses she should not have had them. Unfortunately, some busybody repeated this at Court, and Mrs. Oliver's annuity was stopped. What tender and pathetic memories cling to the miniature of the beautiful Lady Hamilton, which was taken from Nelson's neck after his death. Certainly stories of life and death, of romance and of love, cling around these silent witnesses of thrilling and tender scenes.

ESME COLLINGS.

STAGS' HEADS AT POWERSCOURT.

In the East Hall are three other heads with nineteen points, and two very curious deformed heads, one with a very fine horn with eleven points, and a mere stump with only a brow antler; the other, in the same way, has a fine horn on one side with six points, and on the other a single stem with only one point. These stags had doubtless been wounded the year before. If the first one had had his perfect head he would probably have carried twenty-two or twenty-four points. In another hall beyond this are five more ancient

German heads, one with eighteen points, killed by a member of the corporation of Schaffhausen, probably in the Swiss mountains, or in the Tyrol, in the sixteenth century. It is mounted on a very fine old wooden shield, carved with figures of sylvan deities, and bearing in the centre under the head, on the shield, the arms of the slayer. Three heads hang between the windows, all on beautifully-carved wooden shields, one of sixteen points, the others less; I bought these for the old carved wooden heads. Each stag bears in his mouth a turnip carved in wood, the root on one side of his mouth, the leaves on the other. These also date from the sixteenth century. The other of the five in this room is a fine even twelve-point head, bought for me by Mr. Baillie-Grohman in the Tyrol, and killed by the Cardinal von Rodt, Archbishop of Constance, in 1765. It came from a collection—the owner had had it since the time it was killed. In the passage in the east wing beyond this hall are some forty-four heads of stags killed by myself in the deer park here, from 1863



SCOTCH RED DEER.
(Killed in Rhiddoroch, 1840.)

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SCOTCH RED DEER.
(Forty inches wide.)

up to 1898. These do not, of course, compare in any way with German heads. In the gun-room are ten heads, killed by myself in Scotland, from 1856 to 1862, and two very curious Scotch heads, both of which are figured in Mr. J. G. Millais's book on British deer and their horns, one called the Cromarty head, killed by a shepherd at Rhiddoroch, in Ross-shire, and given to the late Hay Mackenzie, the father of the late Duchess of Sutherland. He gave it to his friend, my stepfather, Lord Londonderry, who gave it to me. It is of a most extraordinary shape, with very long brow antlers curving back on each side of the skull. The other was killed in Glenstrathfarar by the African hunter, Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming. He told me himself that he saw this stag with an unusually wide head—40in. wide—in Glenstrathfarar, and that "if everyone had their rights, that belongs to Lord Lovat. But I stalked the stag and killed him, and just then I saw Lord Lovat's keepers coming after me across the hill; I cut off the head and got clear away with it." Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming was a giant; I remember him well when he used to exhibit his African trophies at Fort Augustus on the Caledonian Canal. He was about 6ft. 4in. high, and a very powerful man. The keepers would have had a very rough time of it if they had caught him. He died of consumption, and his collection was sold, and I bought this head as a memento of the conversation I had with him, and also as a fine specimen of a Scotch head.

In the passage leading to the garden door is a large wooden panel, on which are placed together a collection of roebucks' heads, some 164 in number, which

I purchased *en bloc* from a castle at Hildesheim, near Hanover, in 1862. They are not very remarkable for size, but when the collection was sold, I wanted to make a selection of these, as well as the collection of stags' heads in the Schloss, and as I was not allowed to select I bought the whole collection. Most of the stags' heads have been gradually weeded out as I obtained better heads, and there are now only about six or seven of the red deer heads remaining, the rest having been sold by degrees. I kept the whole of the roe deer heads, and put them on this panel as a curiosity as regards number coming from one place. In the lobby by the morning room are some of the finest heads in the collection. Three which hang together were bought in 1862 from the widow



GERMAN ROEBUCK.
(Extraordinary Malformation.)



GERMAN RED DEER.

(Nineteen Points.)

are ever killed now. Opposite hangs a very large Hungarian head, with very fine brow antlers, and the horns destitute of other points, except at the tops, where there are five points on each top and no tray antlers. Next to this is a curious malformed head, mounted on a plaster head, the horns forming two spongy knobs only. This formation is very rare. Over this hang two Hungarian heads, dug up out of some morass, one with nineteen points and very wide, the other with fourteen points. These were bought by me in the sporting section of the Industrial Exhibition at Buda Pesth in celebration of the millenary of the Kingdom of Hungary in 1896. They belonged to a gentleman named Czik Gyulai. Also a curious small head, with seventeen points, from the Tyrol, on an old carved wooden head. This Mr. Baillie-Grohman obtained for me. There are also four very fine Hungarian heads, bought this year from a gentleman at Linz, in Upper Austria—one with twenty-six points, a second with twenty-two points, a third with twenty points, and the fourth with eighteen with deformed horns. These are all of very large size and splendidly developed points. In the case of the largest, which has twenty-two points, the brow antlers are 20in. and 22in. long. The head itself is 43in. long each horn, and 44in. wide. With the exception of one or two of the heads I bought from Count Arco-Zinneberg, in 1863, every head is on its own skull, which of course makes all the difference in their value, as a pair of shed horns placed artificially are of no value

of an old jäger in Berlin. Two of them are of very great size; one with very massive horns, with sixteen points, is perhaps the most extraordinary specimen in the collection. The other, also with sixteen points, is longer but not so massive. The third is a deformed head, the tops drooping down on each side. These three heads are probably 200 years old; no such heads

comparatively; and therefore all these heads are genuine, and as the deer carried them in life.

In the Long room on the first floor are a number of wapiti heads collected also by myself. Some were given to me, and some I bought from people in America. They are all very large, and I thought it best to hang them in a separate room from the red deer or other collections. There are seven heads there all of great size, and I have elsewhere several more, not yet hung up. One measures 66½in. long one horn. They have twelve, fourteen, and sixteen points, and one has twenty-two points, rare in a wapiti. They came mostly from Wyoming.



IRISH RED DEER.

(Found in a Bog.)

There is also a head of a Norwegian elk, given me by Mr. Robert Elwes. I have also, not yet hung up, three very fine moose heads; the largest is said to be the record—it measures 5ft. 6in. across in a straight line, and has thirty points. There are also several fine sambur heads, and the head of the old wapiti from the Zoological Gardens already mentioned.

In the entrance hall and lobby alone are ninety-five German and Hungarian heads of red deer, and not a small one among them; seventy-two roe deer heads, all remarkable for size or some curious malformation; eighteen ancient Irish red deer heads, all remarkable as specimens, from twenty-four points downward. The panel of roe deer heads contains 164 roebuck heads from the Castle of Hildesheim. In the East Halls there are seventeen heads of German or Austrian red deer.

On the small staircase leading up to the bedroom floor there are a large number of Scotch heads, killed by myself, and six specimens of heads of hybrids between red deer and Japanese deer, all shot by myself in the park here. These are very curious, as I do not believe hybridisation has taken place between Japanese deer and red deer anywhere else.

There are also three splendid specimens of the Irish elk, *Cervus Megaceros*, one 9ft. 4in. across in a straight line, 12ft. 9in. following the curve; another nearly as large, and a third with a deformed horn, the palm on the left side being split into three branches.

The whole collection is perhaps the most remarkable in the United Kingdom, and I believe, from what I have heard in Austria and Germany, that it could not be got together now, for the supply of such heads is exhausted to purchasers.

Some of the most remarkable of the heads, both for size and points, and in one or two cases, such as the Cromarty head, for curious and



HEADS IN THE CORRIDOR.

abnormal formation, have been photographed, and are figured in connection with this article as an additional interest to the description of the collection. Latterly I became very fastidious as to the purchase of my heads as the collection grew in importance. I remember saying to a friend in Germany, who interested himself to find some, "I don't care now for any heads with less than twenty points."

It must be borne in mind that in Germany and Austria a head with ten points on one horn and eight or nine on the other is what is called *ungerade zwanziger* (uneven twenty-pointer), and there are several such in my collection. A head with ten points on one horn and ten on the other, an even twenty-point head, is very rare; still more an even twenty-two or twenty-four pointer. Every deerstalker in Scotland knows that an even head, with the same number of points on each horn, is not very common, and in Scotland heads are described as of eleven points or thirteen points. An eleven-point head in

Austria or Germany would be called an uneven twelve-pointer, or with thirteen an uneven fourteen-pointer. That is the sporting custom, and many of the heads figured in the beautiful engravings by the great sporting artist of the last century, John Elias Ridinger, are such as I describe. They are uneven eighteen-pointers, or uneven twenty-pointers, etc., as may be seen in the engravings. The sportsman counted the number of points on the horn which had most points, and doubled it. That is still the custom there. A friend of mine who obtained for me some of the finest heads I have, said to me a short time ago, "These great heads are"—as he expressed it—*ausgestorben* (literally "extinct"), except those in the collections of great Austrian magnates, and in the two or three collections in Germany. First, that of the King of Saxony, at Moritzburg, and the other two of Count Arco-Zinneberg, at Munich, and of Count Erbach, which are perhaps the finest in the world.

POWERSCOURT.

THE North Country kennel of Mr. Luke Crabtree occupies a high position in the canine world, thanks in no small degree to the fame of his bulldogs, conspicuous amongst which were, until a few days ago, the illustrious brothers BOOMERANG AND KATERFELTO, sons of the expatriated King Orry and Mildura, which between them have won the championship at almost every dog show of importance in the kingdom. Of the two, the brindled Boomerang was probably most admired by bulldog experts, inasmuch

as he was better in his hind legs than his brother. Unfortunately, however, Boomerang has just been killed in an encounter with his kennel companion, the mastiff Blondin, who broke his chain one night and attacked the bulldog, which he mauled to death. On the other hand, KATERFELTO, the showy white, with brindled patches, is closer to the ground, and perhaps deeper through the muzzle, though his ears are coarser. Both, however, were admired as grand-headed dogs, possessing the coveted lay back of face and turn up of under-jaw which are nowadays rarely met with in the bulldog. They were likewise wide between the eyes, the skull of



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. BOOMERANG AND KATERFELTO

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Crabtree's kennel, such, for instance, as the typical Lady Kater and the puppy SALLY, the heavy-boned, big-skulled youngster

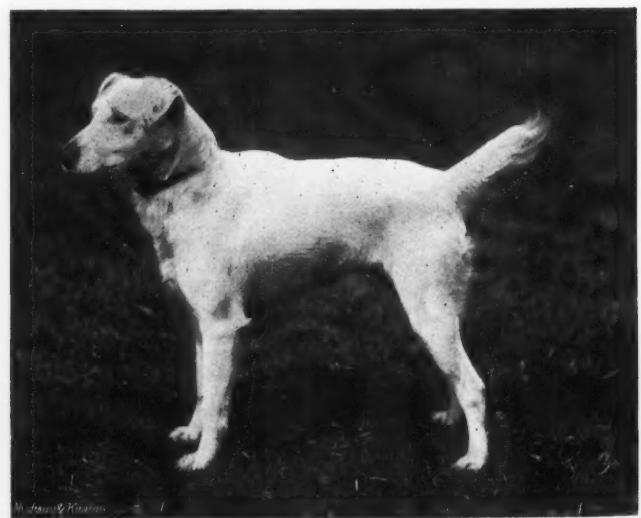
As might be

expected, there are other fine specimens of the national dog of England amongst the inmates of Mr.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. KATERFELTO.

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C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CLEEK.

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that is portrayed demurely sitting on a chair with her juvenile mistress, Mr. Crabtree's little daughter, in close attendance. Unless appearances go for very little, there is a future before Sally, whose depth of face, width between the eyes, fine shoulders, and general appearance point to high excellence on her arriving at maturity. Bulldogs, however, are not a breed that develops quickly, and consequently, although Sally's appearance in the opinion of the uninitiated in bulldog lore may seem to contrast unfavourably with that of the older dogs, her photograph may be accepted as one of a very promising puppy indeed.

Being a supporter of the bulldog, it is quite within the proper order of things that Mr. Crabtree should also support the



C. Reid MISS CRABTREE AND SALLY. Copyright.

mastiff, inasmuch as both varieties are descended from the old bandogge of mediæval times. There is the same tenacity of purpose about both dogs, though perhaps the unfaltering courage of the bulldog has been more highly cultivated than that of the larger animal. On the other hand, the latter is the more reliable guard to house and home, inasmuch as the bulldog rarely barks at the approach of a stranger, whereas the mastiff will give timely notice of his arrival upon the scene. The representative of the mastiff breed belonging to Mr. Crabtree's kennel which has been selected for illustration is the brindled BLONDIN, a huge-skulled dog, with capital back and quarters, good shoulders, and heaps of bone and substance. This son of Marc Anthony, a well-known prize-winner, and Silverdale Lady Evelyn, has succeeded in getting to the top of some good classes, his win at Manchester being a very noteworthy performance, so that in Blondin Mr. Crabtree may be congratulated upon owning a very representative specimen of an ancient British breed.

A high word of praise may also be extended to the smooth-coated collie MOUNTAIN BOY, which made a very successful appearance at the annual exhibition of the Collie Club at the Crystal Palace, and occupied the second position in a strong class a short time ago at Manchester. The portrait of this dog proves him to be exceptionally good in head, whilst his shoulders are also excellent, and he possesses the alert yet intelligent expression of the collie to a marked degree. A curious circumstance that exists in connection with the smooth-coated



C. Reid. MOUNTAIN BOY. Copyright.

collies is that first-rate specimens of the variety of the female sex usually outnumber the males in the proportion of about twenty to one, and therefore such a good dog as Mountain Boy is an acquisition to any kennel. So far as structural formation goes, there is practically no difference between the rough and the smooth collies; indeed, as in the case of the St. Bernard, it is no unusual thing to find both appearing in the same litter. The smooth collie, indeed, may be regarded as an exactly similar animal to a rough one, except that he does not possess the long, luxuriant outer jacket; whilst, on the other hand, however profuse the latter may be in the case of the roughs, these animals will fail to be acceptable to a good judge should they not have the dense, sealskin-like under-coat which is identified with the jacket of the smooths.

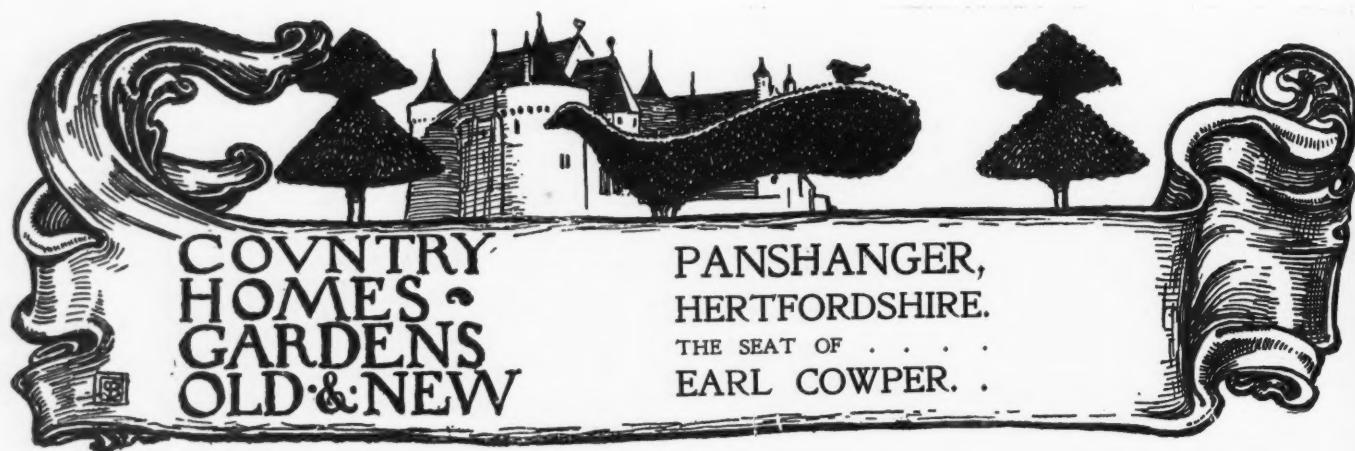
In the fox-terrier CLEEK, an eight year old son of Spendthrift and Redcliffe Spice, Mr. Crabtree owns a dog that has earned a



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. BLONDIN. Copyright.

great name for himself upon the show bench, one of the most important of his many victories being a first at the Fox-terrier Club's Show held at Oxford. Accepted as an example of the modern type of fox-terrier, Cleek may be taken to be a very interesting specimen; and now, though he has passed his prime, his portrait is likely to be treasured by the admirers of a variety of the canine race that has succeeded in retaining the strongest hold upon the affection of the public for quite a quarter of a century. A strong point about Cleek has always been his thoroughly game appearance, whilst his powerful jaws and excellent forehand suggest the idea that he would be a very smart working dog if called upon to prove his capacity in an earth or drain. No doubt many of the modern show terriers would fail here, as some are too tall, and others too weak in jaw; but these criticisms do not apply to Cleek.

Mr. Crabtree's kennel, moreover, gives still further evidence of this gentleman's catholicity in the matter of dog-flesh, for it contains two excellent Gordon setters in the shape of Marquis of Moston and Moston Mick, whilst the Borzoi Sargan's name has appeared in many a prize list. Indeed, a Borzoi appears to be quite an indispensable addition to an English kennel nowadays, it being surprising to think how the breed jumped into popularity almost at a bound, as it were. Many persons no doubt labour under the impression that the Borzoi is a recent importation into this country, but this is not the case, as quite five-and-twenty years ago Lady Emily Peel's Sandringham, a beautiful specimen of this variety, in spite of being a victim to chorea, was a regular prize-winner at most shows. Besides the above, there are two more brindled mastiffs, Black Boy and Bywater Hector, that are both well worthy of notice; indeed, the entire establishment possesses strong claims to be regarded as one of the most interesting collections of show dogs of various breeds now in existence in this country.



PANSHANGER is one of the very stately mansions of Hertfordshire, possessing all the characteristic features of a great house, and in particular it has a very large and finely-timbered park, with the pretty river Mimram running through the midst of it, and a truly noble garden. The house is comparatively modern, and of the Gothic of the beginning of this century—a bad period, unfortunately, for any house to have been built in—and it is very famous for its magnificent collection of pictures. It stands in a fine position on the brow of a hill commanding a prospect of the park, which lies between Cole Green and Hertfordbury, and of the surrounding country. The Cole Green estate belonged early in the last century to one Elwes, a London merchant, and that at Hertfordbury to a Mrs. Culling. Both were bought by Lord Chancellor Cowper, who built a house, after the year 1740, in a favourable situation near Cole Green. It was after considerable additions had been made to the estate that it was decided by the fifth Earl Cowper

to erect the present house on the higher ground. The noble collection of Italian pictures had been made chiefly by the third Earl, who passed a considerable part of his life in Florence.

The present Earl Cowper takes very great interest in the estate and its gardens, and our pictures reveal the condition of perfection in which the latter are maintained. The situation is very favourable, for the park is picturesquely undulated and the woodland fine, whilst the mansion presents a most imposing appearance in its setting of varied green. In many places the walls are wreathed with climbing plants, and give support to shrubby growths, such as the splendid *Magnolia grandiflora*, whilst some of them, as on the north side, are richly mantled with ivy.

The formal character prevails largely in the flower gardens, though the diversity of treatment leaves room for much that is natural and picturesque. In the first style is the "box garden"



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THE SUNKEN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—PANSHANGER: THE NEW FORMAL GARDEN.

at one end of the terrace, where we see the arms of Cowper and De Grey grown and cut in well-trimmed box. The Dairy Garden, on the east side of the terrace in front of the great conservatory, a sweet place with a quaintness of its own, is formed in a similar manner. On the other hand, the rock garden, a delightful retreat, is full of natural charm, and is adorned with many of the plants collected by the Countess Cowper during her travels. Ferns are grown here in great abundance, the British varieties being very prolific. The rose garden, again, is extremely delightful, with pillar, standard, and climbing roses. Everywhere, too, extreme richness characterises the place. The hardy flowers are well planted in clumps for effect, and grow in great numbers, and the splendid woodland forms a fine background for the radiant charms of the flower-beds and the more sober charm of the lawns. In short, turn which way we may, there is something to satisfy the eye in the pleasure grounds of Panshanger.

To the many pictures accompanying this article must be left the full illustration of the charms of the place. Here is lavish evidence that the due care and attention which the garden demands are

wisely bestowed. More than once in this series of articles attention has been drawn to the advantage of forming a reserve garden, from which flowers can be gathered at will for the adornment of the house, without depriving the conspicuous borders and beds of any of their charm. Such a garden exists at Panshanger. Indeed, in this favoured place many lessons may be learned by the gardener. Its beauties do not end with the gay and fragrant things that grow so luxuriantly, for the garden has architectural accessories of excellent and appropriate character. We should go far, for example, before we found so splendid a garden adornment, of classic character, as the great Bacchic vase we depict.

The park is truly magnificent, and an entrancing view is revealed from the terrace. The wide valley of the Mimram opens out beneath the range of hills that give the park its most conspicuous character, and the stream widens out below into a lake, which reflects its glorious surroundings. The landscape is beautifully wooded, and the oak, beech, Spanish chestnut, sycamore, and lime prevail. An island in the lake is a delightful resort, threaded by footpaths



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A STONE VASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE BROAD WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

amid its growth of shrubs and trees, where nodding daffodils and sweet primroses give their glory to the spring. A romantic view of the valley is disclosed from it, and the babbling river may be traced from where it issues from behind the wood to its lower course among the long grass of the meadows. The extraordinarily beautiful woodland derives a good deal of its character from the care with which planting has been conducted, and the healthy growth that results from attention devoted to the work of thinning. The oaks are splendid, and of the conifer tribe the deodars and the cedar of Lebanon are conspicuous, with the stiffer *Wellingtonia gigantea* and the Chili pine (*Araucaria imbricata*). But the pride of the park is certainly the "Panshanger Oak," which for two centuries or more has been famous, though now showing some signs of being past its prime. The tree stands on a broad lawn a little to the west of the house, and was described by Arthur Young in 1709 as the "Great Oak," and in 1719 was estimated to contain 315 cubic feet of timber. A measurement made in 1805 gave 799 cubic feet, and excellent Strutt, who lived for some time at the interesting village of Tewin near by, and loved the tree, which he etched in his great "Sylva Britannica" (1830), estimated the bulk of timber at nearly 1,000 cubic feet. At the present time the dimensions of the trunk are 20ft. 4in. at 5ft. from the ground. The charm of the tree, however, resides not so much in its size as in its superb form. The trunk rises unbroken for a height of about 12ft., and then the giant boughs sweep out on every side, forming a circle 100yds. across, while above the vast symmetrical mountain of foliage is tall "as the mast of some great admiral."

It is pleasant also to stroll to "Cowper's seat"; not that from which the poet surveyed the sylvan scene, but a more modern successor at the same place. The poet was a nephew of the Lord Chancellor, and loved the simple delights of Panshanger. In 1769 he wrote to Mrs. Cowper: "If the Major make up a small packet of seeds that will make a figure in a garden where we have little besides jessamine and honeysuckle, such a packet as one may put in one's fob, I will promise to take care of them, as I ought to value natives of the park." Cowper loved his garden well, and the woodland and orchard not less. Perhaps he was thinking of the care bestowed at Panshanger



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

when he wrote, with practical knowledge and poetic force, of the "self-sequester'd man":

"Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees,
That meet, no barren interval between,
With pleasure more than e'en their fruits afford,
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel.
These, therefore, are his own peculiar charge ;
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,
Distemper'd, or has lost prolific pow'rs,
Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife ; nor does he spare the soft
And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,
But barren, at th' expense of neigb'ring twigs
Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick
With hopeful gems."

A little to the east of Cowper's seat is a delightful region, where the hawthorn blossoms in the spring, and in the park to the south is a fine avenue of elms and limes. But it would be difficult to exhaust the interests of Panshanger. One notable feature is a magnificent *Beaumontia grandiflora superba*, for which the place is famous, shoots of its glorious flowers having been shown often before the Royal Horticultural Society. Lastly, it is interesting to note—and on many estates the same thing might be done—that the river Mimram is "harnessed" for the useful work of pumping up water to the mansion and the fruit and kitchen gardens.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

UNDENIABLY this is the time of the year for reading novels. We cannot all of us, or always, be yachting, or shooting grouse, or climbing Alps, or travelling in express trains in pursuit of rest; and even those of us who are doing one or other of these things feel that there are moments when we must idle a little. But none of these situations is really the one in which it is most delightful to read novels. The truest pleasure and the keenest comes when you know you ought to be doing something else. Then, when duty calls, it is sheer delight to be quite deaf, to saunter out to the shady spot where the hammock is slung between the limes, and to read luxuriously, secure from care.

Many novelists will serve your purpose, but of those who are to the fore for the moment, Mr. W. E. Norris is perhaps the best of all. Certainly his "Giles Ingliby" (Methuen) is in his very best and most restful manner. The bare bones of the story are in themselves almost sufficiently exciting to be the framework of a sensational novel. Giles Ingliby, the hero, is the son of an apparently widowed woman, who will not let him go into the Army, and they live in a typical West Country society. There is the squire's house close by; there is the squire's daughter, Cynthia Hampden, very beautiful and very clever, with whom everybody is more or less in love, and Giles most in love of all; then there is the territorial



Copyright

THE FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

magnate, also more or less in love, Lord Torridge. Giles is handsome, almost too handsome, with a nice turn for poetry and for sport. Torridge is a merry, red-haired, stupid and light-hearted young fellow, without a spark of affection about him. He is also rich, and he has a terrific mother, who looks down upon everybody, the Hampdens included. She is rude as none but a great lady can be, and a wonderful piece of portrait painting, as will be shown shortly.

To Giles comes the princely offer of a stool in Mincing Lane and £50 a year from his Uncle Robert, a prosperous tea merchant. He goes up to London. He submits a poem to Reynell, the editor of the *Metropolitan Review*, and it is accepted. He becomes famous in no time, and Reynell takes an extraordinary fancy to him. After various passages with his Uncle Robert, and after receiving a most affecting letter of remonstrance—which is really one of the cleverest things in the book—from his mother, he takes to literary life pure and simple. The mother, poor woman, has good reason to be afraid of a literary career. Once the daughter of a Dean, she had remained narrow-minded but absolutely conscientious; she had eloped with a literary man named Colville; she had discovered later that he had an earlier wife living (although he was unaware of it when he married her); she had hidden her shame and that of her boy, whom she had never informed of his illegitimacy, under an assumed name, in the quiet West Country village. Her letter of remonstrance and entreaty is as touching a letter as ever was written by an



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PANSHANGER: THE DAIRY GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

anxious mother to a son for whose future she was fearfully apprehensive. Needs it to be added that it turns out that Reynell and Colville are one, that Reynell had the best of excuses, and that in fact the lad first wife herself had a husband living all the time. There is a period of suspense, of course, during which Giles goes to South Africa and Cynthia becomes engaged to Torridge, but all comes right in the end, and Cynthia marries Giles, while Torridge contents himself with Madge Luscombe, the match-making friend. Here is space for a hundred exciting situations. Imagine this plot in the hands of a French writer, and you can imagine the emotions stirred a hundred times also. There would be such outcries, such ejaculations, such harrowing of the feelings as never was. Mr. Norris, no doubt, could harrow the feelings. He could do most things if he tried, but he does not want to do anything of the kind. He contents himself with exquisite drawing-room comedy of the restrained kind, which reminds one sometimes of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and sometimes of Mr. George Alexander, and of something more and better than either. The oddest events happen as a matter of course, the most exciting situations are taken philosophically. Good manners appear to forbid sensation, and the result is eminently pleasing, and not, on the whole, untrue to life. Excitement, shown in word and gesture, is of the stage or of the printed page really, not of real life. We may be noisy about our joys, but well-mannered folks,

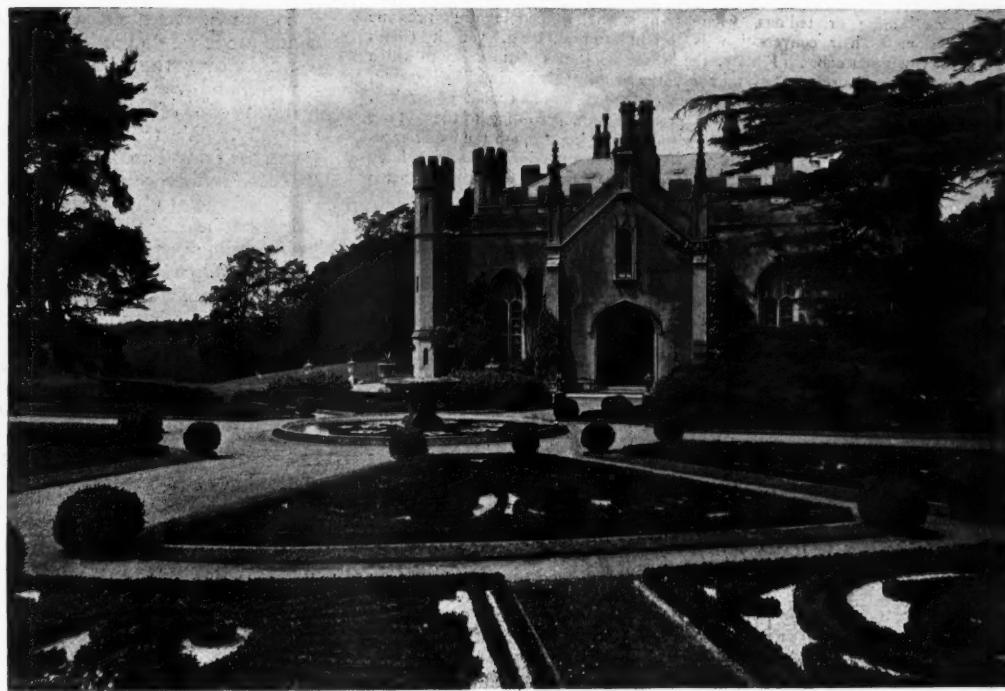
outside the Celtic fringes, are usually very silent about their griefs. Moreover, the whole is not, but parts of the book certainly are, a satire of rare force and pungency.

Best of all, perhaps, is the scene in which Lady Torridge, before the engagement between her son and Cynthia, but knowing it to be likely, is occupied in showing the Hampdens their proper place in the presence of her son. Every line and every tone of the scene seems to rise in one's mind, painted with consummate art. "So on the following Saturday afternoon Giles rang at Colonel Hampden's door, in front of which an imposing yellow barouche of old-fashioned build was standing. As he had seen that cumbersome equipage, with its bewigged coachman, before, he was not surprised to find Lady Torridge seated bolt upright in the drawing-room—a stately, ceremonious visitor. Lady Torridge, hook-nosed and grey-headed, was an interesting survival; the *grande dame* of the present day (though bad-mannered enough upon occasion, Heaven knows!) is a very different and far less formidable sort of person. This terrible old woman, who never forgot that she had some of the best blood in England in her veins, nor ever allowed her social inferiors to forget it, rather prided herself on her insolence, and was as universally feared as she was respected. At the moment when Giles made his modest entry she was addressing a frankly-worded lecture to the trembling Mrs. Hampden. 'In my young days,' she was saying, 'all this would have been regarded as foolish and criminal extravagance; in my young days country gentlemen were content to live at home and spend what money they could spare among their neighbours. But nothing short of a winter at Cannes and a season in Mayfair will do now, it seems. And then you groan and grumble about your reduced rents.'

"But we are not grumbling,' poor Mrs. Hampden found courage to protest. 'Impoverished though we may be, we can still afford to obey the doctor's orders and—and do our duty to our children as they grow up.'

"Oh, your doctor, I imagine, gives you the orders that he is ordered to give. As for your daughter, it is a question whether you are doing your duty to her by bringing her up to London and making her discontented with her station in life. You must excuse my bluntness. I always think it is more friendly to be honest than insincere.' Lord Torridge, who occupied a chair hard by, with his hat convulsively gripped between his knees, and his eyes fixed in agonised fascination upon his mother, was, perhaps, beginning to doubt whether he had done well to represent to her that some show of friendliness was due to their country neighbours. But he was not so ill-advised as to intervene. The dowager, he knew full well, was capable, if roused, of saying even worse and more straightforward things, so he only gasped and cast a furtive, deprecating glance at Cynthia, who seemed more amused than offended. Presently the old lady rose, took her leave, and swept him away with her. Her cast-iron countenance seldom varied in expression, yet, as she beckoned to her son, she had a little the air of saying, triumphantly, 'You kept on bothering me to call upon these people. Well, I have called upon them, and now I hope you are satisfied.'

The whole of this passage is a gem, and absolutely true to life. Lady Torridge is not merely an interesting survival, but a type, and her like are to be found not only in the highest ranks but in the middle class also. In fact, the beauty of this book is that it is a gathering of characters who live and move and talk exactly as people do



Copyright

PANSHANGER: THE BOX GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



PANSHANGER: A CORNER OF THE SUNKEN GARDEN.

in real life, are indeed absolutely true to life save in one matter. They are never boring or tedious, whereas most living people are tiresome on occasion. Their conversation is bright and amusing, yet it comes apparently without effort. Finally, the whole book has that quality to which I suppose the critics refer when they use the word "convincing." Reading, one feels as if the things must have happened. One wonders what editor has, as Reynell had, a skeleton (which was pretty plump, according to the picture) in the cupboard. Which of our minor poets has gone through the experiences of Giles Ingilby? Who is Cynthia? Which of many *grandes dames* is Lady Torridge? All this is, of course, not quite serious; but the feeling produced is the strongest testimony to the skill of the author in the use of his art.

Training the Hobby.



S a type of speed and elegance the hobby (*Falco subbuteo*) must always have commanded the admiration of those who have any eye for symmetry of form, while the very pronounced markings of this little hawk, together with the good-humoured expression in his handsome dark eyes, are sufficient to conciliate all casual observers, however little they may be able to criticise the points of a falcon. These merits are far from being the only ones which can be alleged in the hobby's favour. He has also a prestige founded on the concurrent testimony of two classes of partisans.

In the first place, naturalists assign to him almost unanimously a very prominent place, if not the most prominent of all, for swiftness and grace of flight. There are well-authenticated tales of the brilliant feats which he has been known to perform. One traveller declares that he has seen hobbies in Eastern Europe catch swallows on the wing. Another declares that they prey upon swifts. Hardly less cogent are the reasons which are given to us by the old falconers for making much of the hobby. Almost all the writers of repute who take notice of this species concur in singing his praises. The female is recommended as a fine performer at partridges; and the still more diminutive male is complimented on his success with larks. The amiability and docility of each sex is vaunted with equal enthusiasm; and this exceptional merit is claimed for the hobby—that he may be left out at a distance from his home, even when fed up, and will make his way back there of his own accord without any danger of getting lost.

With such an engaging and almost spotless character has the prettiest of English hawks come down to us on the tongue of fame, lauded also by many modern authorities who have seen with wonder and delight the aerial evolutions of some rare survivor of the race in the few districts where they have managed to survive. Falconers of the present day present us, however, with a totally different picture, and cast for the first time a sad and ugly slur on the credit of the hobby. One of the first of the adverse critics was no less a personage than the late Lord Lilford, who, attracted no less by his intimate knowledge of the falconer's art than by his admiration for so beautiful a bird, made many attempts to train one, and justify in a practical way the eulogies of Latham and Turberville. And of the competence of this accomplished amateur to do the work of training, few persons will have any doubt. Later still such skilful trainers as Mr. Newall and Colonel Sandford, as well as the writer of these words, have made persistent endeavours to succeed in the same attempt. But all these well-meant efforts have ended in complete failure. If we judge only by actual results, we must admit, however reluctantly, that the hobby of the nineteenth century is a fraud. His rank in the estimation of those who have experimented with him is little if at all superior to that of the despised kestrel. Once only in England has a female hobby been known to fly at pigeons. And the lark, which was of old the pet quarry of the "young man's hawk," has now proved himself not only able to escape, but even too arduous a quarry for this degenerate falcon to pursue. In Italy an English gentleman, after repeated failures with a great number of hobbies, at length with difficulty induced one to fly and take a quail.

Have we then altogether lost the secret of the art of reclaiming the small hawks? This can hardly be said, for trained merlins are still able to kill at least as many larks as have ever been recorded as taken in the most classic times. And Mr. Riley and Peter Gibbs and others have made some most imposing bags with sparrow-hawks in the hedgerows. It remains still to be seen what is the difficulty with the hobby, which, as well as the gerfalcon, has hitherto puzzled the latter-day amateurs. How is the problem to be solved? What more can be done than was done last year? I then took out a male hobby which had been fully hacked by Mr. Newall and was in high feather and condition. He had had two bagged larks, and had taken them passably well, but not with extreme zeal. And on the morning of one day Mr. Gardner and I started for him, as he was waiting on, a bagged lark which he pretended to be a

wild one. At the third stoop he took it, and being in high condition, went off with it to the soar. When he came down and ate it we do not know; but we saw him cruising about afterwards over the plain. Twenty-four hours passed, or rather more, and we were out with the merlins, and, as we were calling down one of them to the lure, beheld our friend the lost hobby. We took him down, fed him very moderately, and on the next day I took him out for a real good try at the wild larks. Note, that now my bird was about as fit as a young hawk could be expected to be. He was strong and well to start with. He had had a full meal, quite alone, on a lark of his own catching, which he may reasonably be believed to have considered a wild one. Then he had had more than twenty-four hours' liberty, soaring and wandering about wherever he chose to go; then a light meal, a bath, and a day's rest. And now he was to fly his best. What did he do? I started him from the fist at a rising lark. He pursued it listlessly for 50yds., and then gave up. I let him wait on, which he did at a good height, and I put up a lark below him. He made no determined attempt to catch it. Then he had other chances—some at larks, and some at pipits. I must have put up some dozen small birds. Some he pursued—flabbily—and some he ignored, but nothing like a kill was achieved, yet the hawk was hungry. He was not too thin, he was not too fat, according to the rules and signs which usually regulate a hawk's fitness. Where was the mistake? How would it be possible ever to fly a hobby under more favourable circumstances? Of course, I mean an eyas hobby. We must either suppose that a mistake was made, or that the ancient falconers were all wrong, which no one will believe. Anyone who would unravel this mystery would achieve something of a feat.

Meanwhile, the hobby is a pretty plaything, and nothing more. He, or she, will wait on to perfection. Take him out when he is both fat and hungry—a very possible condition, though some people don't think so—and he will go up mountains high; he will soar, in fact, without losing sight of the trainer; he will stay up an unconscionable time; his movements are excessively graceful and easy; he scorns all fear of the wind; and after many minutes, after he has had a mort of steady flying, he will come down condescendingly but obediently to the lure. Everyone will have admired the strength and elegance of his movements, and the ladies will have said, "What a dear he is!" But for the field one wants something more than this. The jack merlin and the eyas musket may also be called by endearing names, but they are also eminently useful, as well as merely ornamental.

E. B. M.

The Twelfth in Scotland

ON the majority of Scotch moors it is still possible to make good bags over dogs for the first few days at least of the season, as for some unexplained reason grouse lie far better to dogs in the North than they do in England. The charm of grouse-shooting not only lies in the sport itself, but also depends to a great extent on the conditions under which it is conducted. The invigorating mountain air, the exercise entailed, and the beautiful scenery, all add to its pleasures. Then, too, in point shooting an additional enjoyment is provided for the lover of dogs. Of this our pictures, which do not profess to cover the story, but merely to illustrate the working of dogs, give a good idea.

Take a typical day on a Scotch moor. Soon after 9 a.m. A START is made from the lodge, and after a short walk the keepers,



THE HEAD-KEEPER.

with the team of some two or three brace of setters, join the party. Very few kennels of setters are now kept, and most of the owners or lessees of shootings hire a team for the season, either with a man to work them, or they are handled by one of the keepers on the shoot. On the dogs depend chiefly the sport, and men accustomed to the moors spare neither time nor money in their endeavours to secure a really good team of dogs. Two



THE START.

of the guns are accompanied by wavy-coated retrievers, and after crossing the little burn, now in flood, a sharp turn is taken, and we are soon on the heather. The party, consisting of six guns, divide into two lots of three each, and after discussing the best way to work the ground, and the time and place of meeting for luncheon, the parties separate, and THE DOGS ARE UNCOUPLED. Mounting the brow, we come upon a wide expanse of flat moorland, where, owing to the wild and stormy weather of the past few days, birds are expected to be wild. One dog is called up, and the other allowed to range fairly wide. It is a pleasure to see how carefully he quarters every yard of the ground, taking every possible advantage of the slight breeze that is wafted across the carpet of purple blossom.

Once he steadies his pace as he comes on the scent of birds; but they have gone away, and again he is ranging in front. Then suddenly he stops when in full career, and stands as if carved in marble, one foot uplifted, stern, straight, and rigid, and head slightly turned aside, watching intently a small patch of long heather in front. We walk quietly up to him, he is urged to "hold up," he advances with ludicrous carelessness a few paces, and again comes to a point from which no amount of urging will induce him to move. We move on in front, and with a flutter of wings the covey rise at our very feet. Half-a-dozen barrels ring out in quick succession, but only three birds fall. The dog drops at once to shot, and the retriever is told to "seek dead." One bird is soon found, the second is also added to the bag, and then a short chase ensues for the other bird, which is only winged. A pause, and the dogs start off again at the signal, and are soon ranging 100yds. in front. Another point proves to be a brace of barren birds, which get up wild, and quickly get away apparently untouched by the two long shots fired at them.

The sun rises higher in the heavens, and the heat is intense, hardly tempered by the soft west wind that comes in intermittent puffs across the wide open moorland. The purple heather quivers in the dancing mirage, and a faint haze hangs over the distant hills. Only the murmur of insects to break the silence, or the whistle of a passing curlew, or the dropping shots fired by the other party on the face of the hill.

Big patches of vivid green bracken, irregular narrow strips

of burnt heather, with here and there pink clusters of the tiny heath blossom, appear at intervals amongst the warmer-tinted purple heather, across which pass the cloud shadows. Masses of grey, lichen-covered rocks are scattered about on the hillside, and in the hollows flowering rushes wave slowly in the slight breeze. Our boots are covered with the pollen that rises in clouds as we tramp through the long heather, and once, where a cluster of brighter green appears amongst the ling, we are fortunate enough to find the flowering white heather, which is still supposed to bring luck to the discoverer.

Ranging round the face of the hill, we get frequent shots, until at last the bubbling spring is reached, which, in fine weather, is the appointed spot for luncheon. Soon the other guns appear, and, lounging luxuriously on the heather or the short, crisp, mauve-tinted and sweet-scented wild thyme, we partake, at our ease, of the frugal contents of the luncheon panniers.

Far away in the distance the sun is flashing on the windows of the little fishing village, and the thin grey line of the harbour pier can be easily distinguished. The sea is perfectly calm, and a line of glimmering sands divide it from the dunes, which are covered with brown "bent" grass. The tide is out, and a dark ridge of rocks runs far out to sea, a source of constant danger to passing vessels. The gulls are standing in groups on the bare sands, or flitting across the rippling wash of waves as they come slowly up and break in a flash of silver on the shore. The sea is dotted with the fishing fleet, whose white sails gleam in the bright sunlight, with here and there a dark rich brown tanned spread of canvas, that adds variety to the colouring.

Taking up the brace of dogs that have been working all the morning, they are sent back to the lodge, and their companions are soon ranging in front. Birds lie well, and point follows point, but the shooting is not quite so good as it was, for men are tired and weak, and the sun is strong. At any rate, many birds go away untouched, greatly to the disgust of the keeper.

Suddenly, as we come to the brow of the hill, two lots of birds get up almost at our feet, and we get three of their number and mark the others down. They scatter and lie close, but are found by the dogs, and we add three brace to the bag before leaving them. A snipe rises at the edge of a rill and is bagged, and then a shot is got at a hare. A covey of black game is



THE DOGS ARE UNCOUPLED.

flushed, and narrowly escapes being fired at in the hurry; further on, too, we come across a lot of moor partridges, smaller and somewhat darker than their lowland companions. A long tramp follows without flushing a bird, and as we reach a big "clitter" of rocks, we take advantage of the shade and indulge in a smoke before proceeding farther. Evidently the best part of the day is over, and even the dogs are a bit slack in their work and gladly wallow in a shallow pool close at hand. The shadows

lengthen, and a faint grey mist gathers over the fir plantation on the side of the fell as we work our way towards the lodge. The dogs suddenly stop in mid-career, and we find that they are in the middle of a big lot of birds, which rise in all directions at our approach, and we fire here the last shot of another glorious Twelfth, which has now become only a memory.

ARDAROS.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE CAPE HYACINTH.

THIS is a noble flower from the Cape, suggesting a huge Hyacinth, hence its name, the strong tall scape bearing bell-shaped, waxy-white flowers not unlike those of the Snowdrop. It will be found in books under the name of *Hyacinthus* or *Galtonia candicans*, and may be planted in the spring to flower the following July or August. It is a bulb very easy to grow, and its bold habit adapts it for planting amongst strong-growing perennials or dwarf shrubs. A mass of the spikes rising from a bed of Kalmias or dwarf evergreen shrubs is very handsome in summer when the Lilies, Hollyhocks, and perennial Larkspurs are in bloom. When the soil is light and warm the Galtonia will live through the winter, not, however, in cold harsh ground, and if increase of stock is desired it may be accomplished by offsets from the bulbs or from seed; the seedlings will flower in about the fourth year from the time of sowing the seed. The Cape Hyacinth is not a bulb to plant singly. Its effectiveness depends in large measure upon free grouping.

HOLLYHOCK AMONGST SHRUBS.

In several parks and gardens lately we have noticed the fine effect of Hollyhocks in variety when planted amongst shrubs. This noble perennial seems to have in a large degree recovered from the fearful disease, but plants without a trace of the fungoid pest are still uncommon. The lower leaves become unsightly through its effects, and for this reason it is advisable to plant the roots amongst shrubs, to hide the lower portion of the stems. Hollyhocks are also more effective grouped in this way, the tall sheaf of blossom issuing from a dense undergrowth of foliage, and if plenty of food, such as top-dressings in hot weather, is given the shrubs are not injured by this close association with the vigorous perennial. Of course, Delphiniums, perennial Sunflowers, Lilies, and other tall-growing hardy flowers may be planted in a similar way with rich effect. There are too many monotonous groups of evergreens in English gardens, which may be easily broken up when planted with hardy perennials. Seedling Hollyhocks are usually much freer from the disease than those raised from cuttings or eyes. One can well understand this, as the disease is not transmitted so directly, and amongst seedlings saved from a good strain beautiful colours occur, some single, others double. The double varieties remain longer in bloom, but the graceful flowers of the single kind, their fresh colour and freedom, are pleasant to see.

HERBACEOUS PHLOXES IN THE ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

One never visits the beautiful botanic gardens at Kew without seeing families of flowers or individual species and varieties grown in a way which we should rejoice to see more followed in private gardens. A few days ago a collection of the finest herbaceous Phloxes for colour was a conspicuous feature, and we noted them for our readers. Syphide and Mrs. E. H. Jenkins are two very beautiful white flowers, without a trace of colour, and the individual blossoms, especially those of the last-mentioned variety, are large and well shaped. John Forbes, lilac rose, rosy red centre; Eugene Danzanvilliers, lilac; General Chauzy, rose salmon; Tom Welsh, clear salmon pink; Roi des Rose, rose, deeper centre; Roselaine, strong salmon pink; Beranger, rose and white; and Champ Elysee were handsome in every way, not too tall, bushy,



TOO EAGER.

with large heads of either self or shaded flowers, as our remarks indicate. But the most brilliant of all is

PHLOX COQUELICOT.

This is surely the most remarkable flower as regards colour at this season. It is an herbaceous Phlox that everyone should possess, not to plant indiscriminately but cautiously, because of its wonderfully strong and unusual colour. This is vivid vermilion with maroon centre, and a small bed has been planted with this variety alone. The whole plant is free in every way, growth and flower, and the stems are sufficiently tall to remove any trace of rigid formality. We care less for the dwarf bushy Phloxes than the taller kinds, which may be placed amongst shrubs and tall-growing perennials or in borders with happy results. P. Coquelicot should certainly be made a careful note of, and its brilliant colour is not so quickly affected by hot suns as one might suppose. It is the magenta and deep purple shades that quickly fade to a horrible colour when the sun is very hot for many days together. Phloxes require a deep rich soil and plenty of water during dry weather in the summer, with a top-dressing in spring. It is for this reason that the most vigorous growth and most noble heads of flowers are seen when the plants are grouped by the water-side. The roots may be almost actually in water without ill effects. Flower gardeners should remember this in planting herbaceous Phloxes, and give a deep soil, muchings, and water, especially when they are in beds, in the border, or amongst shrubs.

NEW BELLFLOWERS.

We were charmed to see two quite new Bellflowers or Campanulas at the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster lately, and their names are C. Mayi and C. Warleyi, both distinct from each other, yet of more than passing interest. The award of merit of the society was given in each case. C. Mayi is probably a seedling from the popular C. isophylla, so much used for filling window-boxes and baskets. It was exhibited by Mr. May, of Edmonton Nursery, and is an improvement decidedly upon the parent, being freer and more vigorous; and though its habit, like Isophylla, is to droop, with the aid of a few thin sticks a perfect pot plant for the greenhouse or window results. The flowers are of a pretty blue shade, and we shall not be surprised to find in the near future that C. Mayi is grown as largely as the kind we know as Isophylla or the Ligurian Bell-flower. In warm, light soils it is sufficiently hardy for the rock garden, but cannot be trusted everywhere to pass through hard winters. C. Warleyi was shown by Miss Willmott, whose flower garden at Warley is one of the choicest in the land. This is of a peculiarly soft and clear blue, with a double row of pointed petals, very free, and a neat habit of growth. A little colony of it upon the rock garden would be as pretty as anything one could well possess in the way of Bellflowers.

THE CATALPA.

Few trees and shrubs are in flower during August, but there is one tree of importance, namely, the Catalpa (C. bignonioides), also sometimes labelled C. syringefolia in gardens. It loves moisture and a cool soil, and for this reason is very handsome by the margin of Thames-side gardens, with its feet almost in water, the branches spreading out to make a shapely head of big heart-shaped foliage, coming from which are spikes of almost pure white flowers, like those of the Horse Chestnut in shape and in the way they are produced. An old Catalpa upon an English lawn is a noble object, picturesque and spreading in growth, and covered with flowers, succeeded by long seed-pods, which suggested the popular name of Indian Bean-tree. Another feature of the Catalpa must be considered, and that is the light colour of the leaves. It is the palest green of all trees, and on that account is of value to the landscape gardener. The Catalpa grows with great rapidity, on an average no less than 1ft. or 18in. each year, and it therefore quickly reaches, especially



THE TWELFTH IN SCOTLAND: AFTER A MORNING'S WORK.

when very favourably placed, its full height, which is seldom more than 40 ft. A deep moist soil, such as one finds by river or lake side, is necessary if one desires a very rapid growth and noble branch spread. In small gardens the Catalpa may be planted, because it is not a very large tree, and, happily, will stand the impure atmosphere of big towns. The most familiar Catalpa is *C. bignonioides*, which was introduced in 1726, and in the gardens about London, those of Fulham Palace in particular, there are noble specimens. Bishop Compton, called the tree bishop for his knowledge of and interest in tree planting, probably introduced it to Fulham. *C. speciosa* is a valuable species of later times, quick in growth, hardier, and flowering earlier, whilst *C. Kämpferi* and *C. Bungei* are of comparatively recent introduction.



F. Ollo. BORDER AT HAMBLEDEN MANOR HOUSE. Copyright.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters of difficulty concerning the garden. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.

ELECTRIC LIGHT . . . IN THE COUNTRY

LECTRIC lighting in London is an affair of everyday familiarity. No new house of any consideration is built but that an installation of the electric light is a part of the plan and principle of it, and great numbers of old houses also are lighted by electricity. But the positions of the country house and the London house in relation to electrical lighting are widely different. In London you can have your electricity turned on from the main, so to speak, and, in your capacity of householder, you need not be troubled with any other considerations than those which are involved in choosing the most artistic fittings and distributing them in the most effectual and effective manner. But in the country house it is quite another story, for there the energy, the power which generates the electricity, must be provided also. Nevertheless the desire for electric lighting, which is infinitely superior to any other kind of lighting in brightness and cleanliness and safety, is becoming very widely spread in the country houses of the kingdom, and, for that reason, it is proposed to produce in these columns a brief series of thoroughly practical articles on the "Electric Lighting of Country Houses," which it is hoped will be of general assistance to our readers.

There are, of course, many country houses already in which the electric light has been installed, and well installed. There are others in which complaints are heard from time to time, and the complaints in our experience are nearly always due to one of two causes. The installers, the owners of houses, the men who have got to pay the bill in the long run, have committed one of two mistakes. Either they have handed themselves over to the

tender mercies of the plumber, or sanitary engineer as he likes to call himself in these days, or they have committed their prospects to the care of a young man more or less fresh from college, who has but little practical experience. To take either of these courses is to make the greatest mistake in the world. Of all tradesmen with whom men and women have transactions, the plumber is the most troublesome and the most ignorant, and it is therefore the more unfortunate that the greatest advances of applied science in modern times have been made in relation to provinces of domestic management over which he and his fellows deem themselves to have a prescribed right. A plumber, originally, is a man who has to do with lead. Gas came to be carried by leaden pipes, and the plumber, therefore, gradually became the person to be employed whenever anything was wrong with the gas. So in time he came to enjoy an authority in matters connected with lighting which had no foundation in knowledge, and the plumber, since then, has wrecked many an electric lighting system and has caused many persons to declare in disgust that candles, gas, or oil lamps were after all superior to electric light, which gives so much trouble and is so mysterious to an amateur who tries to set it right without knowing anything about it. Others, distrusting the plumber, who rarely understands even those other matters which have long been the close preserve of his trade, have hoped to escape difficulty by availing themselves of the services of a consulting electrician. These last-named persons have often found themselves, on the whole, in rather worse case than if they had gone to the plumber directly, for, when failure resulted after considerable expenditure, they had no redress. The contractor had obeyed precisely the directions of the consulting engineer; but these directions were worthless, and the contractor knew it. To proceed against the consulting engineer was hopeless; for you cannot proceed, at least you certainly cannot succeed, against a professional man who has given his advice in good faith. Others, again, have left the whole matter of electric lighting in the hands of the builder and decorator; and they sometimes have not fared so much amiss. But that has only been because the builder or decorator, instead of trying to accomplish a task which he did not understand, has underlet that part of the contract to a competent firm of electrical engineers, to such a firm, for example, as Messrs. Drake and Gorham, of Westminster. Against this course there is nothing to be said, except that it is always much more economical to save an intermediate profit by going to the engineering firm directly. So going, the man who desires to have the electric light installed in his house will find complete knowledge of every detail and principle at his disposal. He will find that the electrical engineer pure and simple is no man of mere technicalities, but also an artist in the distribution of the lights and endowed with a cultivated taste in the matter of fittings. He will find the electrical engineer to have made also a special study of the diffusion and reflection of light, and he will come to the final conclusion that by going direct to the fountain head he has secured more light, and better light, and better-placed light, and all at a less cost than he could have obtained elsewhere.

Sheepdogs at Llangollen.

IT is again a pleasant duty to congratulate that eminent public-spirited land-owner, Captain Best, upon the complete success of the annual sheepdog trials in Plas yn Vivod Park. They are always interesting to watch, and they have never been more pleasant than they were this year. One special merit is peculiar to all sheepdog trials into the



G. Mark Cook. Copyright.
MR. BARCROFT AND LASSIE.

arrangement of which intelligence enters: they are easy to watch. The men who work the dogs, and the dogs who work the sheep, may have some hard exercise. The spectators can see all the

beautiful and intricate operations in the display of one of the most wonderful accomplishments ever taught by man to dog without any exertion at all. At Vivod, indeed, this advantage is present in an exceptional measure, for so agreeable and convenient are the contours of that splendid landscape that two sets of trials may be carried on simultaneously in full view of the spectators. Another merit of Vivod is that the local gallery is made up of expert critics. Those acute natives of the Berwyns know from experience all the wiles of which a sheepdog is capable, and all the innumerable difficulties which the wiry sheep of the Welsh mountains can place in the way of the best sheepdog that ever was whelped. Entries came from all parts of the country in which the sheep are worthy of the attention of an accomplished sheepdog—for the sheepdog of the moor and the mountain-side is accustomed to deal with sheep as agile as the deer or the goat, and when brought face to face with Lowland sheep he must regard them as ponderous elephants. So, although the Welshmen enter their dogs largely, the men of the Lake Country and of the Yorkshire wilds also come into the competition; and the result is a very pretty exhibition, watched with acute interest by the country gentry, and with even more interest

by the people of the place. The spirit of the spectators is that of lawyers listening to an acute argument, of actors witnessing a dramatic performance, of painters studying an exhibition of pictures. They are men, and women too, whose praise is no empty compliment, but a thing worth having.

"Handsome is that handsome does," and "By their fruits ye shall know them," are the guiding principles at Vivod, and we note with some amusement the comments of a contemporary on the appearance of some of the performers. Lady, the property of Mr. W. Akrigg, of Garsdale, is described as "quite

part of the whole duty of a sheepdog, Cymro was found wanting; he was not tractable. Now the dog who is not tractable may be a collie, but he is not a sheepdog. The astute Welsh shepherd will have none of him. He cannot afford to keep picture dogs any more than his wife can afford to wear picture hats. If the picture dog will work, well and good; if not, all considerations of good looks go absolutely to the wall, and the workman not only



G. Mark Cook.

RELEASING THE SHEEP.

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PENNED.

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a common-looking puppy." Lassie, again, is condemned as "a very small bitch of nondescript appearance"; but both these did fairly well. Cymro, on the other hand, was "the handsomest dog running at the meeting, a profuse-coated rich sable and white, not far removed from show form." But Cymro was very soon distanced in the competition, for, when it came to a matter of penning sheep, which, after all, is the most important

part of the whole duty of a sheepdog, Cymro was found wanting; he was not tractable. Now the dog who is not tractable may be a collie, but he is not a sheepdog. The astute Welsh shepherd will have none of him. He cannot afford to keep picture dogs any more than his wife can afford to wear picture hats. If the picture dog will work, well and good; if not, all considerations of good looks go absolutely to the wall, and the workman not only

ting; may be shepherd dogs. If the sons of only have a slinking gait, and little or no nobility of demeanour. They are for the most part shocking cowards, and very treacherous. In no part of the country are the dogs of the lonely farmhouse more likely to bite the passer-by, and they are not above doing this even after making a preliminary demonstration of friendliness. But they have the saving quality of supreme intelligence, and it is upon this that the shepherd sets his heart, and towards this that he aims in breeding. It has happened to the writer to buy a Welsh sheepdog for farm purposes, and under Welsh advice. The Mentor barely looked at the appearance of the puppy. If it had good legs and feet and a lithe body that was enough for him. It might have been of all the colours of the rainbow for all he cared. But it came from, let us say, Nantygro; and all the Nantygro dogs were reputed clever, and that was all that mattered.



G. Mark Cook.

WORKING THE SHEEP.

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coping with the difficulty. They have hitherto pleaded that bicycles were an uncertain quantity, but it has long been patent, and I have thus contended for a year or two past, that bicycles are now so much a feature of everyday life that they may always be regarded as a certain factor to be provided for on every main-line train. Their average numbers are such as to justify the provision of special vans, and nothing but rank conservatism prevents the various companies from fulfilling their responsibilities to the public in this matter.

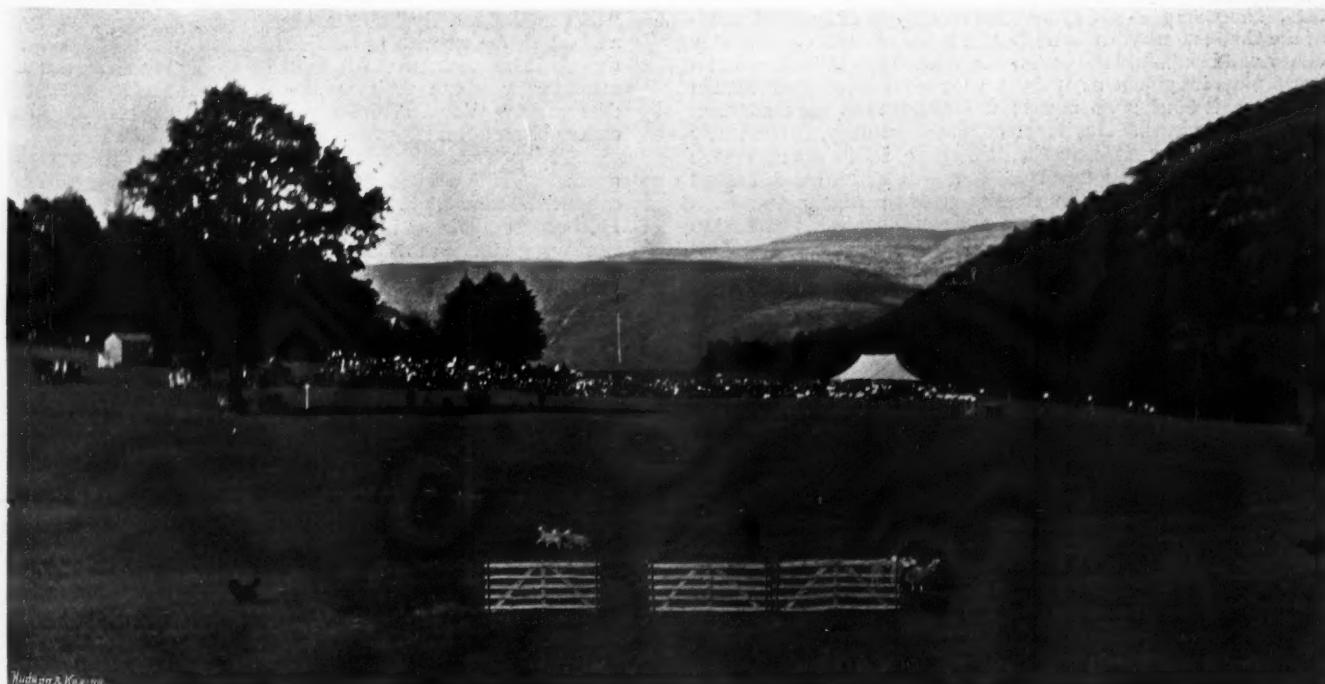
To every lover of the cycle—and their name is legion—it is appalling to contemplate the spectacle of valuable machines being hanged about at the termini. In the new issue of the *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette*, for example, a member feelingly writes as follows: "I have just been to the Great Western Railway Station, Paddington, to see my wife off by the 10.45 a.m. train, and was there a disinterested spectator of the shameful way in which valuable bicycles are treated. At the last moment they were pitchforked into the train anyhow, the train being actually in motion as the last four or five were half thrown in. It is all very well for railway companies to say that bicycles are conveyed at the owners' risk, but the owners have a right to expect reasonable care to be taken of them, and I should certainly say, from what I saw, that it is not the case. The feelings of the unfortunate owners were spared what to them would no doubt have been a harrowing sight, inasmuch as they had been obliged to take their seats in the train." It is bad enough to have one's machine grievously damaged abroad, and a recent experience of my own was certainly very trying, and is involving me in an outlay of several pounds for repairing the damage done; but on British lines the charges for cycles are out of all proportion to those upon the Continent, even on mountain railways, and so long as the present rates exist we cyclists should at least be guaranteed immunity from injury to our machines. On a previous continental tour I took a machine through France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium without damage, and yet on the last stage of the homeward journey, from Dover to Victoria, my bicycle was ruined, so far as external appearances went, for the beautifully enamelled gear-case was scarred all over and bulged into the bargain.

Magistrates, as well as cobblers, should confine themselves to their own especial province. It is not often that a stipendiary so completely gives himself away as did Mr. Denman the other day at the Marylebone Police Court, when he expressed the opinion that tandem bicycles ought not to be allowed in the streets. He argued, in effect, that it was impossible to drive a tandem slowly, as "two persons treadling," he said, "must make a machine go faster than one person treadling," which proved that tandems were a danger in London streets. Such a criticism is sheer and unadulterated nonsense. One can ride a tandem at all but a stationary pace; in fact, it is actually steadier than the single machine, owing to its greater length of wheel base and the double weight it bears. Every tandem rider I know would bear me out in the contention that the machine is



CYCLING NOTES.

WHAT to do with the bicycles is more than ever a problem just now at every London terminus. Waterloo Station, as I enter it every morning and leave it nightly, is all but a pandemonium, and other termini no doubt are almost as bad. A friend of mine who arrives daily at Liverpool Street says that the cabs endeavouring to enter the station extend as far back as the Stock Exchange, and from actual counting he has ascertained that on seventy-five out of every hundred a bicycle is carried. Under existing arrangements it is impossible for the railway companies to safeguard the machines committed to their care in such large numbers, and it is high time they set their house in order in this respect, and devised some means of



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SHEEPDOGS AT LLANGOLLEN. THE DOUBLE STAKES.

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completely within the control of the steerer, and perfectly manageable in traffic; and not a few riders prefer a tandem because of its steadiness in all circumstances where exceptional skill and caution are required.

Personally, I am never so happy as when riding a tandem with a moderately capable rider on the rear seat; and the suggestion of Mr. Denman that scorching is inevitable on this type of machine is painful and ludicrous alike. There still exist a class of persons who cherish the idea that excess of momentum is essential to the maintenance of the equilibrium of an ordinary safety, and still more so in the case of a tandem; whereas any practical rider would depose that the exact opposite is the case. I wonder what would be Mr. Denman's feelings if he enjoyed the opportunity of "viewing a tortoise race" at any of our gymkhanas. It would be interesting to take the time at one of these competitions and work out the rate per mile. As an object-lesson for unenlightened magistrates its value would be unquestionable.

Mention of tandems recalls the fact that though the machine is daily growing more popular with mixed couples there are not many ladies who venture to mount the double machine together. With the excellent double-dropped patterns now on the market, however, there is no reason why they should not do so, provided the steerer has a fair amount of nerve and the

machine is well equipped with brake power; in fact, the circumstances in which any risk would be involved would be equally present in the case of an ordinary single. Mrs. Kennard, the well-known writer of sporting novels, deals in a very enthusiastic strain in the *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette* this month with her experiences on a Raleigh No. 15 tandem, and says that she and her companion even enjoyed the luxury—the chief luxury incidental to tandem riding—of double coasting. In describing a recent tour she states that they "enjoyed themselves thoroughly," and concludes with the expression of a belief that others of her own sex would do so likewise "if they indulged in the luxury of tandem riding."

Though not directly appealing to cyclists, "Mr. Pickwick's Kent" (Horace Marshall and Son) is a shilling book which no wheelman who knows either his Kent or his Pickwick should be without. Mr. Hammond Hall, the author, has embodied in this manual the concrete results of long-continued researches in the wake of the famous tour of the "Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club," and aided by Mr. Lionel Gowing, who provides a series of photographs of unique value, he has produced the most welcome contribution to post-Pickwickian literature that has appeared for many a day.

THE PILGRIM.



AT THE THEATRE A REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

WHAT are the net results of the dramatic season just concluded? Have we advanced, receded, or stood still? We have advanced. Why? Because the season has given us "The Tyranny of Tears." That has been an artistic, as well as a popular, triumph. Mr. Haddon Chambers has saved us from mere negation. He has written a work of art and a good play—rare and wonderful and blessed combination. He has written a comedy which is brilliant, and a comedy of life. He has picked out a theme which is actual and living, and has made of it a dramatic and interesting play. He has carried forward a human and engrossing subject with fine dialogue and masterly construction. It is to Mr. Chambers that we owe one of the two big plays of recent times. With "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," it is really worthy of the British drama.

In other respects we have not gone back. But it cannot be said that we have progressed. Mr. Pinero stands where he did. He has not advanced the reputation of the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—not to mention that series of splendid farces at the Court many years ago; but he has given us a superlatively clever and brilliant play in "The Gay Lord Quex." It is not a great play, inasmuch as it deals with no fundamental human emotion; it teaches no moral; it has not the great impetus of really serious work. But it is an admirable comedy, an extremely brilliant comedy; it may be, indeed it is, in some degree meretricious; but it interests and amuses, and it has a finished elegance which only Mr. Pinero nowadays can give to the stage.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has added nothing to his fame or to the valuable work of the theatre. Like everyone else, he has had his failure. "Carnac Sahib" was unworthy of him in conception and execution. The great strength of Mr. Jones is his virility; this quality was utterly lacking in his play at Her Majesty's Theatre. But we look to him for many more strong and interesting works.

Mr. Grundy has had great success, and has also added to his reputation. He has had the popular success of "The Musketeers," and he has had the artistic success of "The Greatest of These—," not a perfect play by any means, but strong, earnest, ideal. Central London was not allowed to see it, more's the pity, but those who witnessed Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's performance of the piece in the suburbs were fortunate. We are all wishing Mr. Grundy great success with "The Degenerates" at the Haymarket.

One of the most hopeful things which have happened was the production of "The Weather-Hen," by two young authors new to us, Mr. Berte Thomas and Mr. Granville Barker. Here we had a play full of faults and inconsistencies, which was a failure when it was placed in the regular evening programme of a London theatre. Nevertheless, it was of the happiest augury for the future work of the new come-s, it was brimming over with

ideas, with observation, with naturalness. If these gentlemen proceed as they have begun, the ranks of the dramatic authors—so thin and few—have received an addition of infinite promise.

What are we to say of Mr. Carton? "Wheels

Within Wheels" has, I believe, been a success. One of the most un-moral plays of our day has won the guerdon of guineas. The author of sweetness and light has branched off into the flashy byways of flippant suggestiveness. Is it a gain that Mr. Carton has secured a monetary triumph? Will it urge him to leave the old way for good and keep to the new path? Those who admire and appreciate his talents and his past work will hope not. Mr. Carton urges that when he wrote "Sunlight and Shadow" and "Liberty Hall," he was accused of milk-and-wateriness, and says his critics are inconsistent. Granted for a moment that all his critics laid this charge against him—which they did not—will he deny that there is a middle way between "Liberty Hall" and "Wheels Within Wheels"? Surely there is—a broad and straight way of dramatic strength and fine purpose.

Once again the writer would urge that it is only against "flippant immorality" that he wages war. Against the play on a great theme, or with a great idea, he has no word to say, even though it be necessary in it to call a spade a spade. The commentator who can praise "The Weather-Hen," though he deprecates "Wheels Within Wheels," cannot be open to the charge of mealy-mouthiness.

The past season has also seen the entry into the managerial ranks of Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. Harvey is welcome. He is earnest, he aims high. His beginning has been full of promise. He has yet to prove himself, but, so far, everything points to a worthy and honourable and ambitious career for the youngest of our actor-managers. We have been waiting for him, wondering where he was coming from. To Mr. Harvey we look with hope as the manager of the younger generation for whom we have been watching so long. If he has versatility as well as imagination and poetry, he is secure. So far, he has succeeded in one direction only. But we are justified in building upon his success in "The Only Way"—which is a similar success to that which he has achieved in other parts—the hope that he has those indispensable qualities in an actor truly great—character and diversity. We welcome Mr. Harvey with open arms.

Of the other actors "coming along," there is, first and foremost, Mr. Franklin McLeay. He is marked out for the vanguard in the not-too-distant future; he has strength, scholarship, observation, intense earnestness, the physical power. While he proceeds straightforwardly along the road he will go steadfastly towards the goal. While he remembers that Nature is everything, that detail, however admirable, is only an accessory which must never be allowed to overwhelm the great broad humanities, Mr. McLeay—without neglecting for an instant that research, that care of minute detail, those delicately composed and Meissonier-like pictures of men—should go resistlessly forward.



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He has undoubtedly those two greatest gifts—character and diversity.

Miss Madge McIntosh, in "The Weather-Hen," proved herself an actress to whom we may look with confidence in the future. Her performance in that play was superlatively good. Nature and art were hand in hand. If Miss McIntosh on that occasion gave us a true example of her art, if it were not merely an accident of the fitness of the part, and the dramatic qualities of it, this young actress must assume a very important position in the scheme of dramatic things.

The lighter stage has given us nothing to be very proud of. "A Greek Slave" was a worthy attempt to march forward, but our public is not yet ready, and "A Greek Slave" will mark the high-water mark of attempt for some time to come. "The Belle of New York," the most extraordinary success of our time, has no lesson for us save this—that novelty is almost everything in this branch of amusement. The next piece of its kind would probably be a failure.

PHŒBUS.

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

OME of our readers will be speeding North by rail as they cast their eyes over these lines, and perhaps we may be permitted to wish them good weather, straight powder, good dogs, and lots of birds during the next few weeks before them on the heather. To the shooter just now the great consideration is the condition he is likely to find the grouse in, when he steps out behind his dogs, gun in hand, on the Twelfth. Flapper-shooting may have begun a few days ago; those residing near shore or marsh may have had their guns out as we write, but the renters of grouse ground in Northern latitudes never deign to spoil the feast of sport now lying before them by condescending to take the edge off their appetite by bringing flappers to bag. The very name seems to point to something inferior in kind to the sport obtainable on the mountains, even though the latter may be a few days later in opening. Splendid weather is the forecast for August, and that is half the battle in grouse-shooting; the hottest sun has its rays tempered somewhat by hill breezes, whereas the miseries of a pouring wet day are aggravated by the very conditions that go to make the supreme charm of shooting grouse in glorious weather. On dogs as well as on men, and even on the very birds themselves, wet days have a depressing effect, whereas in the evening of a hot day everything is in the best possible condition for supreme enjoyment by the grouse-shooter. It looks as though a few such evenings' sport may be enjoyed, after some successful mornings' work, before August comes to an end this year. After all, grouse-shooting comes—the bird comes into shootable condition—just at the right time of year, possessing a great advantage over partridge or pheasant shooting in that respect. The London man, whether wearied by the round of business or of pleasure, is just now exactly in the mood to fly to country pursuits that have the power to engage his whole attention and divert the current of his ideas. We defy the merchant, gun in hand, on the hill, behind his dogs, to be thinking of his ledgers. The birds take up every thought, the excitement and the keen air buoy up the spirits, and a large amount of much-needed exercise is obtained before one thinks that he has walked at all. It is not wise, however, especially for shooters up in years, to plunge violently into the delights of grouse-shooting and calculate that they are able to vie in hill-walking with their wiry keepers. They can overdo their exertions on the hills, as they would underdo them at a seaside house lazing all day on the beach. They must hasten slowly, at least for the first few days, unless they have made sure of their training by going North a week in advance and getting their muscles into trim. The very dogs themselves like to take it gently on a hot sultry day on the heather, and the stout City man who in the excitement of shooting does not follow their example, may find himself in a state bordering on apoplexy before the first hundred brace have been bagged. That is not the way to benefit greatly by possession of a grouse moor. *Festina lente* should be the motto on a hot August day of all those who do not keep in thorough training all the year round. What does it matter though the bags should be smaller at first; the birds will remain and provide all the better sport later on, when possibly one is in better case to enjoy a hard day's tramping from morning to night on the hills. Let us hope that the present glorious sunshine may continue during the remainder of the month, and that sport may be as good as the prophets some weeks ago foretold us it was to be.

Bullets just now are in the air; everyone who shoots is talking of them, and everyone recognises that the Government of our country is very much at sea as to the best design, as evidenced by the recent breakdown at Bisley. If we are to believe the War Office, it was the Bisley bullet, the Mark IV., that was used and proved so effective at Omdurman. But somehow, much as we should like to, we cannot quite agree with the War Office as to the efficiency of the Mark IV. cartridge. It can of course kill when discharged from a Lee-Metford, but the general supposition now is that for every dozen Dervishes it laid low it may have maimed or killed one British soldier. In the excitement of warfare such accidents merge into mere details of the fight, overlooked at the time and forgotten after it is over. Everyone engaged is too busy to notice the blowing back of a bolt or the bulging of a barrel—it is all a part of the day's work. But Bisley demonstrated, if it did nothing more, that there is a great deal dependent on the bullet in the cartridge. On it depends, it was there shown, not only the efficiency of the rifle, but also the safety of the man behind it. At Bisley the latter consideration prevailed so strongly that the ammunition was discarded to save a possible injury to the Volunteers, partly because Volunteers placed some value on their lives. They are not compelled to shoot dangerous cartridges, and they declined to shoot them. Then the cartridges were condemned by the Volunteer authorities, who had to fall back on Mark II. ammunition, the cartridges that were found almost useless in Chitral and Matabeleland. In Chitral Mark II. bullets were found inferior because they whistled through the bodies of the natives without inconvenience them very much—for the moment at least. The same objection has been urged against the Mauser bullet in comparison with that of the present Service revolver. It has been said that its stopping power, owing to its nickel casing, is so second-rate as to make it really of no great service in stopping a rush where

combatants are within 100 yds. of each other. Whether that objection was well founded or otherwise, a new bullet has been invented for the Mauser, and we have just given it a thorough trial, both for its accurate shooting and its mushrooming quality. Since Bisley the accuracy of the new Mauser pistol bullet has been questioned. It has been said that its man-stopping properties have been acquired at the expense of accuracy and speed in firing. Our trials convinced us that the new bullet has not lost any of its old qualities, while it has undoubtedly been endowed with a very valuable addition to its stopping energy. Its penetration through alternate layers of beech planks and sawdust is only half that of the former Mauser pistol bullet, its quick mushrooming confining all its striking energy to the first few inches of the object fired at, which was at first said to be the point on which it was weak. In accuracy also at 40 yds., 50 yds., and 75 yds. we found it compare very favourably with the former bullet. There was not the slightest sign of "jamming," for we observed that the front of the bullet from the nickel shoulder to the square nose was covered with a composition, which we took to be beeswax and vaseline. This greatly helped the smooth feeding of the pistol, and prevented the "jamming" of the action. Whether this composition could stand a very hot climate may be questionable, but at any rate we can say that the sun's heat on the day of our experiments was as hot as we could well stand. On the whole we are persuaded that the new bullet is a distinct advance upon the old, and probably brings the Mauser automatic pistol up to the standard required in a trustworthy military arm, as effective at close quarters as at longer distances.

NEVIS.

YEARLINGS AT KEELE STUD.

THERE are few prettier places in England than Keele Park, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, in Staffordshire, the seat of Mr. Ralph Sneyd. When that gentleman decided a few years ago to establish there a stud farm, he began wisely by engaging such an experienced and painstaking stud groom as Brittan, and by buying that handsome and well-bred young sire Blue Green. Being by Ceruleus out of Angelica (sister to St. Simon and the dam of Orme), by Galopin out of St. Angela, by King Tom, Blue Green comes of a rare racing family, whilst there is a great deal of the St. Simon quality about his lengthy powerful frame and bloodlike character. He was a good race-horse himself, and he is beginning to show that he can get good horses when he has the chance. He has always sired good-looking stock from the first, and plenty of them are winning races this season. That he will some day be the sire of something very good I feel convinced, considering his incomparable blood, his good looks, and his own performances on the race-course. The natty Do-Rose, by See Saw out of Hedge Rose, who could go a rare pace when in training, also holds court at Keele, and gets all his stock with his own power up back and quarters, whilst the bloodlike Black Bryony, by Rosicrucian out of Kingcup, and showing all the beautiful quality of the Beadsman and Macaroni families, although he has not had many thorough-bred mares, has managed to sire winners.

It will be remembered that last year's Keele yearlings were not only generally admired when they were seen in the sale-ring at Doncaster, but also realised very fair prices, Blue Green's children making the capital average of 623 guineas, and this year's fourteen are certainly every bit as good. At least, that is the opinion I formed of them when, in accordance with my annual custom, I went down to Keele a few days ago to look at them.

To begin with the colts, there are five of these, four by Blue Green and one by Amphion, and the best of the lot a grand bay by the Ceruleus sire out of that good old steeplechase mare Lady Wilkins, by Hagioscope, her dam Dinah, by Hermit from Ratcatcher's Daughter, by Rataplan. What a wealth of stout blood runs in this youngster's veins, straining back as he does to Blacklock, Birdcatcher, Weatherbit, and King Tom. It would be difficult to imagine a more fashionable pedigree, whilst in appearance he is a big, upstanding, powerful youngster, with great reach, plenty of bone, and full of racing quality. Altogether a very high-class yearling, and sure to make money when he comes into the ring. A hard-looking, square-made colt, with a nice rein, beautifully let down quarters, and a good sensible head, is the brown by Blue Green out of Thuria, by the hardy Thirio, whilst the same sire has a hard, clean, short-legged brown colt out of Pink, by Peter, her dam Maid of Perth, by Scottish Chief. A plain, sound, useful-looking bay colt is that by Blue Green out of Princess, whose sister made three hundred odd last year, and can gallop. The last of the colts is a long low chestnut, by Amphion out of Signorina, by Pacific, son of Atlantic. This youngster is backward, and looks a bit light, but is a really high-class yearling, and a rare mover in the paddock. Being a May foal, he will improve more than most, and he has about the best shoulders anyone could wish to see.

I was next introduced to the fillies, of which three are by Blue Green, two by Hazlebatch, and one each by Dog Rose, Black Bryony, Kilwarlin, and Autocrat. To begin with the Blue Greens, the bay filly out of Catherine II., and therefore own sister to Mitcham, who ran second in this year's Goodwood Plate, is quite a good sort, thick through on short legs, with plenty of substance, power, and depth, a rare back and loins, and full of quality. This is a good yearling. A very beautifully-bred mare is Yesterling, by Sterling, her dam Vessel, by Blinkhoolie, whose last year's yearling colt by Blue Green made 1,000 guineas, and who is this year represented by a plain but useful, lengthy, varmint-like bay filly by Hazlebatch. This filly looks all over like racing. To go back to Blue Green, I was shown a quick, active, well-balanced filly of his out of White Lie, a somewhat light-boned mare by Veracity out of a Hera mare bred by Mr. J. B. Leigh, whose colours she carried when in training, and bought by Mr. Boothby at the sale of Mr. R. K. Mainwaring's bloodstock at Underdale. It is her first foal, and an active, quick-looking sort, with big galloping quarters, and an honest, sensible head. The third daughter of Blue Green is bay filly out of the mare by Royal Hampton out of Bal Gal. She is rather small, but a short-coupled, well-balanced young lady, a good mover, and quite an early sort. Black Bryony has a strong, well-made bay filly out of Lady Laura that goes like a race-horse, and Dog Rose a quick-looking chestnut, with her hind legs well under her, out of Grecian Bend, by Bend Or from Lady Tramp, by Albert Victor or Chevron, her dam Lady Trespass, by Birdcatcher.

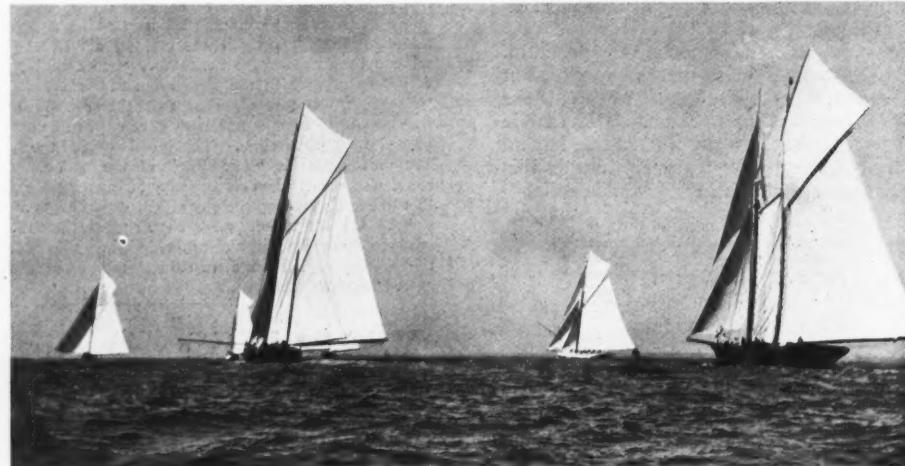
Another really good yearling is, the brown filly by Kilwarlin out of Rose Marion, by Rosicrucian from Dame Marion, by Blair Athol. Everything out of this mare can gallop, as they ought to, considering how she is bred; and so will this young lady, who is a clean, wiry, racing-like filly, of the best Rosicrucian type, and quite a good sort. Hazlebatch has a long, light-topped, speedy-looking chestnut, with remarkably high quarters, out of Molly Lepel, by George Frederick from Slice, by Brown Bread, and the dam of the speedy

Lord Hervey; whilst Autocrat's bay filly out of Abstinence is a deep, wide mare, with clean limbs, great power behind the saddle, and a level, good yearling all through.

Such are the Keele-bred yearlings that will be offered for sale at Doncaster next month, and of whom I can say, of my own knowledge, that they were running out until a few days ago, and are all in good, hard condition. Perhaps I liked best the Lady Vilikins colt, and the fillies out of Rose Marion and Catherine II. It is worth remembering that the winner of the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, Greenaway, is by Blue Green, and that this handsome and beautifully-bred sire has plenty of winners this season, and looks like doing better still in the immediate future. A short chat with the ever-hospitable Mr. Boothby, and then stationwards to catch the train for London, after a very pleasant and instructive afternoon.

COWES

IN each succeeding year Cowes is the meeting-place, final before migration, of that portion of London Society which affects interest in yachting. This year the foreign contingent was large. French and Dutch, Germans, Spaniards and Portuguese, Hungarians and "Japs," mingled harmoniously with British and Americans; the Uitlanders and their vessels have been welcomed, but no purely international contest has purveyed either sting or balm. The Coupe de France was won by the British Laurea, with a great margin of superiority over the Anna, a boat designed and built in France, but whose sails and helmsman are products of this country. The Queen's Cup, presented by Her Majesty for competition amongst members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was handsomely won by the Meteor, which under yawl rig seems to sail at least as fast as she did with the gigantic boom she carried when sailing as a cutter. The Britannia was in receipt of a considerable time allowance, and her defeat was ominous, as it foreshadowed a possible error



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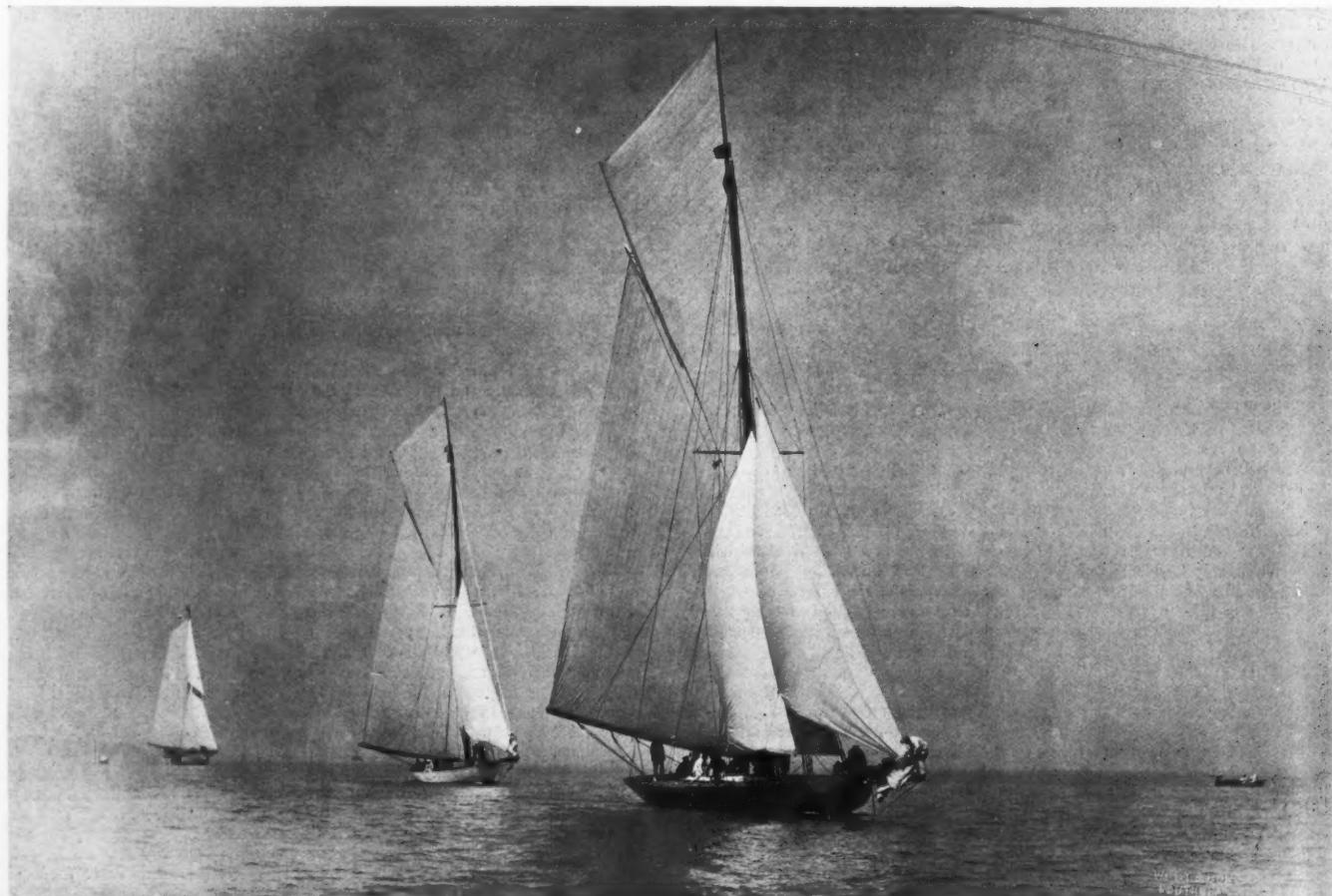
THE START FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

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as to the reputed merits of the Shamrock, now crossing the Atlantic in quest of the challenge cup hitherto successfully retained in the United States. The Britannia's loss of speed was confirmed in a light wind defeat by the Bona, who, with weather specially suited to her capabilities, outpaced the Royal Yacht, but was simultaneously outsailed by the German Emperor's victorious Meteor. The Britannia is probably sodden from long immersion, and if a line drawn from her competition with the Bona be just, she is 10 min. slower over a 50-mile course than she was as a new vessel.

The other races failed in bringing into prominence any new design of special merit. It seems as if constructors in this country have reached the tether of their powers of developing speed, as far as shape of hull is concerned. The only outlook remaining for them, under the present rules of measurement, is in lightening the hull, sails, and fittings; but the employment of materials hitherto inadequately tried is an operation teeming with risk. Special plant of machinery is required, and mechanics must either be trained or imported from metal-working centres. The demand for racing shells is insufficient to sustain anything but a limited number of constructors, and, failing competition, a dead level is speedily attained.

The humours and vagaries of yachting life are numerous; unwitting owners supplied the vagaries, whilst onlookers appreciated the humours. The yachting skipper, resplendent in brass-bound cap and gilt as to his buttons, dominated the situation, but even he, unawares, might entertain a prophet. Many a yachtsman charters the yacht of another for a portion of the season, and takes her over complete in crew for the term of his charter. In one case the personal convenience of the skipper



West and Son.

LAUREA AND ANNA.

Southsea

prevented him taking a 300-ton steamer of 9-knot speed round the Isle of Wight, as the distance, some 55 miles, was too great for one day; but the charterer last week had small experience, now his stock has increased. In another case the result was otherwise. It was suggested that a passage could not be made under certain existing circumstances, as the skipper had not been called upon so to do by either of "the two Dukes" who had been his earlier employers. The retort courteous, that he was for the moment in the employ not of a duke but of a gentleman, was adequate—and effective.

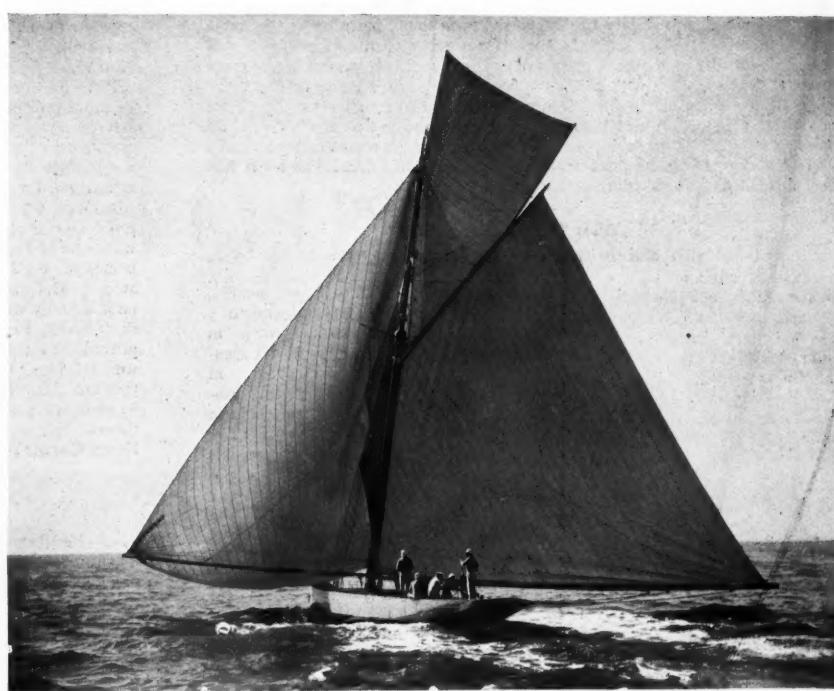
The Town Regatta was an amusing scene. Crowds of excursionists remained till the evening for the display of fireworks. The relative proportion of danger between the sail-boat racing of the daytime and the firework display of the evening was vehemently argued. Whatever verdict theory might return, the boat-racing danger won hands down. The professional pyrotechnist sent floating sheets of coloured fire down tide among the boats moored off the shore, the amateur enviously fired horizontal rockets among the larger vessels in the roadstead; but professional and amateur both caused more alarm than damage. The squadrons of small racers, started in narrow waters and a strong tidal way, were at times in real danger. Collisions between one another and with visiting steamers caused a crop of accidents, and three boats were beached to save foundering in mid-ocean.

FROM THE PAVILION.

HERE were plenty of light hearts at Lord's on the night of Monday, July 31st, and an equal number of heavy ones on the following evening, after the whole thing had seemed so simple and so certain, Darling and McLeod, *plus* Noble and Howell, had upset the whole business. Darling may have batted more brilliantly, but he never batted better than on that fateful Tuesday; and even if it be a fact that the umpire was merciful to him when his score was but 47—though opinions are not unanimous on that point by any means—yet his splendid effort turned the tide of the game. McLeod was not happy at any time, and played both a dull and haphazard game; but Jones was a charming foil, and his hitting may be matched with Trott's, though he did not succeed in rivalling "Alberto's" feat of hitting over the pavilion, a "record" smack. Trott has now achieved one of the desires of his heart. The Australian victory was well won and well deserved, for they fairly pulled the game out of the fire, their bowling all round—there was no particular star-being of the best, and their fielding admirable. I estimate that their throwing alone, low, straight, and accurate, takes 10 per cent. off an English score. When an Australian at 90 ds. has the ball, an Englishman cannot safely risk a run "for the throw." An Australian under the same conditions can and does with safety. Ranji batted beautifully, and, in less lively fashion, Townsend; but the bowling after Monday night seemed easy enough, yet the same bowlers get Englishmen out fairly easily. Is the moral to be deduced that in batting as well as in bowling the visitors are our superiors, to say nothing of fielding? It should be remembered, however, that county matches considerably limited the players at the disposal of the club. Surrey and Kent played a really excellent match, but the Kent "tail" failed twice, while all the Surrey men got double figures at least once. Kent, however, produced two century makers in Burnup and Mason, while the Surrey top figure was 91 from Abel's bat; for once Bradley had no terrors for him, apparently. Stedman and Huish did some fine work behind the wicket; the former should be a good understudy for Wood, but he must not run out Hayward too often. I think that Notts has done its very best performance in saving the "follow-on" in the face of Yorkshire's 562, and though the crowd chose to hoot, the scoring, judging by the time test, was quite fast considering the conditions. This hooting is going too far, and I am glad to read that Lord Hawke was very prompt and peremptory in repressing the ill-mannered mob; but the Ovalies were equally discourteous to Patterson and his sky-scraping lobs. Personally, I disapprove equally of the lobs and the hoots. Warwickshire is to be congratulated on winning its first match—in August, too!—but the Leicestershire men did very badly to lose, for of the 256 scored Knight had 105, Wood 73, and extras 19. I've never seen Field, the Warwickshire man, bowl, but four for 88 and nine for 104 is a fine performance.

The following story, with suppressed names, is really good. A county side with runs to get against time found its sticker in the stickiest mood. A wicket fell, and the incoming batsman was told to run Mr. Sticky out, as the only chance of winning the match. He did his work well, got "Sticky" in the middle of the pitch and sent him back, but third man diagnosed the case, and held the ball, so "Sticky" got back and the match was drawn. This, "if not true, is well found."

I duly attended at Lord's to see Rugby play Marlborough, partly from sentimental reasons, partly because this particular game is a cricket match and not a Society function; further, because there is always chance of "spotting" a future Blue. This year there were none to be spotted, for the sides were exceedingly moderate in all departments, and the Marlborough victory was a one-man win, Spooner being the man—and a good man, too. He met but feeble bowling, it is true, but whenever accident sent down a good ball he played it like an artist, and Lancashire might well give him a trial before the season is over. Last year he scored 139 and 4, this year 69 and 198, besides getting three good wickets, so that the Rugby boys have had about enough of him. The other talent was very meagre by comparison.



West and Son.

CAPRICE.

Southsea.

As Bank Holiday compels early "copy," there are no results to criticise; but I should like to "adumbrate"—delightful word—the possible selections for the next test match, selections which will have been made by the time these lines are being read. Personally, I hope that Abel will take Quaife's place, as Abel at home and Abel abroad are quite different folk, while Jones is less of a lion at the Oval than elsewhere. A place, too, must be found for Townsend, who has scored freely against the Colonials and against others as well. Hayward and Lilley should be certainties, but Bradley may give way to Lockwood, while Fry's improved and amended bowling may cause Hearne to retire from the side. Jackson, McLaren, Ranjitsinhji, and Brockwell are sure to play, but I have my doubts about Young. Would not Cuttell be a useful importation? The Australians have seen but little of his bowling, and he can bat. One thing I hope the selectors will remember: *England has to win this match outright, or be beaten in the rubber.* A draw is a loss to us; let us run a risk to try for a win. Congratulations to Llewellyn, of Hants, on his wonderful *début*.

W. J. FORD.



LOST PIGEON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A carrier pigeon, marked (on a ring) "N. U. 99 L. J.", lofted here on the 6th August, and I shall be happy to forward it to the owner on identification.—WILLIAM DUNN, Lilystone Hall, Stock, Essex.

CIDER AND RHEUMATISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Doctors differ—not only with one another, but also with their own dicta. There is at present a notion that if you want to evade rheumatism you must drink cider. The doctors are ordering cider for rheumatism. A few years ago I remember that it was the opinion of the faculty that cider, with its acid properties, was fatal for anyone with a rheumatic tendency. We have changed all that. But what would be interesting to know is whether rheumatism is more or less rampant than elsewhere among the country people who drink cider. The two chief cider-drinking counties, we may take it, are Devonshire and Herefordshire. Now, it is not fair to take Devonshire, with which I am well acquainted, and ask whether the people are more than ordinarily afflicted with rheumatism there, because there are other causes than the cider, namely, the damp climate, that would account for the fact that you see so many of the old folk bent up with rheumatism there. But Herefordshire gives a fair test. It is not a particularly damp, nor particularly dry, climate. Therefore, if some of your kind correspondents could tell me whether the people of that county are subject more or less than the general to the attacks of rheumatism, it would be helpful to me, and a deal more valuable than a doctor's opinion, in regard to which I am afraid unfortunate experience has made me rather a sceptic.—F. J. L.

THE LILY DISEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of July 29th, page 121, in your article on "Lilies," you ask any of your readers who may have discovered a remedy for the fungoid disease which has for some years played havoc with *L. candidum*, in particular, to address you. I have many groups of *L. candidum* which have been

attacked by the disease when just about to flower for the past three years. I had almost decided to dig up the bulbs and burn them, but after considerable thought and enquiry I determined to wait for another year. I have been well rewarded, for this year all the groups of bulbs have flowered, and I have great hopes that the disease will now disappear. My experience may encourage others who have suffered from the disease to exercise some patience before throwing away their bulbs. I noticed a suggestion that the bulbs should be taken up and covered with powdered sulphur and then replanted; personally I know nothing of the effect of this treatment, but I had decided to try it had the bulbs failed again this year.—*OBSEVER.*

TALL HOLLYHOCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]



SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a hollyhock, grown in this garden. It measures 10ft. 2in. in height, and will probably be more in a few days' time. The man beside it stands over 6ft. Is it not a remarkable height? The sunflower on the left of the picture is only a few inches less. The ground had been newly trenched before these were planted, which, no doubt, is the reason of their abnormal size. Otherwise, they have not been specially manured.—A. E. SPEER, Sandown Lodge, Esher, Surrey.

[We illustrate this interesting hollyhock to show that in a good soil the spike will develop in a remarkable way.—ED.]

THE REARING OF YOUNG SWANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me of the titles of some books containing hints about the rearing of young swans, especially how to keep them healthy and contented on a pond which has no running stream, though of fair size.—J. W. G.

[The fullest account of the life and management of swans, including the mode of fattening cygnets for the table, is in the late Mr. H. Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," Vol. III. Mr. G. Gill, keeper of the swans at Abbotsbury swannery, knows more as to the rearing of young cygnets than anyone in this country.—ED.]

ARAUCARIAS AS FOOD SUPPLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your number of June 24th contains a picture of a fine araucaria with a crop of cones growing on it, and you remark that the seeds of these cones are delicious when roasted. This is a fact which will be new to many readers, who look on the araucaria as the embodiment of prickly sterility. But in the Chilean Andes the araucaria forests are to the Indians what the date-palms are to the Arals. Dr. Peppig states that the further the Indians were driven into the hills by the whites the more important was this food supply. It was reckoned that a single cone contains between 200 and 300 kernels; and by an ingenious computation of the amount which a hungry Indian eats, and of the normal produce of the tree, Peppig concluded that eighteen araucarias will keep an Indian throughout the year. The cones are regularly collected at a kind of harvest, when tribal feuds are laid aside.—C. J. C.

DOUBLE GUNS FOR BIG GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

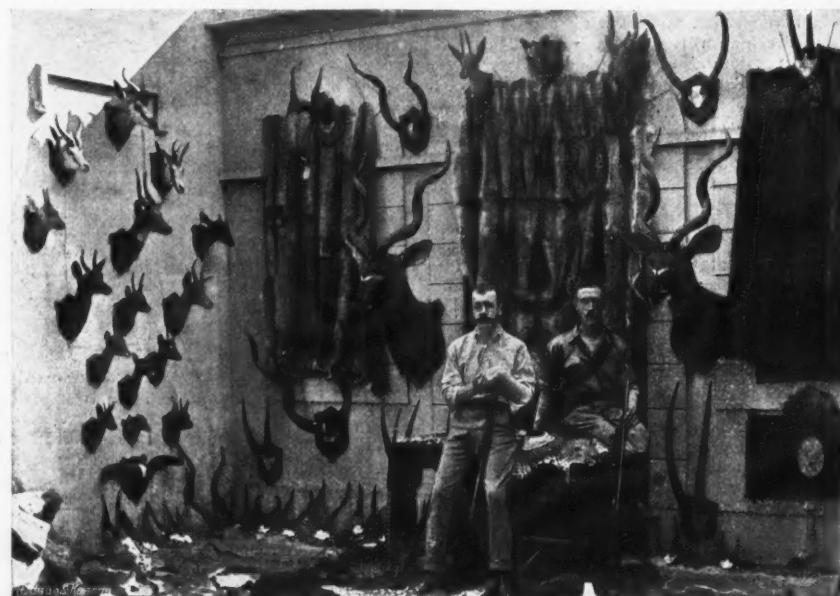
SIR,—I notice in COUNTRY LIFE of May 27th some remarks made by "Experto Crede," in a very interesting article entitled "Shooting in Bengal and How to Obtain It," which are very disparaging to the merits of a double gun having one barrel rifled and the other smooth. Now, to give confidence in their weapons to those who possess these guns, which your correspondent states are as absolutely useless as they are dangerous, and to encourage others who may be hesitating before buying them, I should like to say a word in their favour. I own one that a friend had built for me, by W. J. Jeffery and Co., early in 1894, and since then I have shot with scarcely any other gun, and never on one single occasion has it failed to do what could be expected of it. The right barrel is 16-bore smooth, the left carries a Martini-Henry cartridge. Can this be an exceptional gun? for, strange to say, there is no danger of explosion from inserting the wrong charge in either barrel. Perhaps your correspondent's cartridges have been different; but I find it impossible to jam a 16-bore case into a chamber bored for a M.-H. cartridge, and if I try to fix a M.-H. cartridge into the 16-bore smooth it drops an inch down the barrel, so is hardly within reach of the striker; and even if it was, I question whether the bullet travelling through the spacious tube would cause it to burst. Another common combination is 12-bore and Snider. I have seen dozens of these in use, but have never

witnessed an accident, and can hardly credit that a 12-bore cartridge could explode in a Snider chamber, or vice versa. It is my custom to wear a belt round the waist, buckle to the front, holding twenty-five shot cartridges, five Martini, and five smooth-bore cases, loaded with 3ds. powder and spherical bullet. In the sockets of the belt, on the left of the buckle, are five M.-H., and in those on the right five smooth-bore ball cartridges, and between these, arrayed round the back, twenty-five shot cartridges. This small magazine is usually sufficient for immediate use; thus I find it unnecessary to grope about in a cartridge-bag on the off-chance of coming across the proper cartridge. In conclusion, I may say that I have shot big game, small game, and feathered game with my Cape gun, and only desire now that some readers of this should protest on behalf of this class of gun may become possessed of, and as satisfied with, one as I am. Another note of warning I should like to touch. When at home last year I bought a supposed high-class second-hand hammerless shot-gun, at a good figure, from a maker who advertises them extensively, and a more unsatisfactory weapon I never possessed; and, having to leave England at very short notice, I exchanged it with the same gun-maker for another, which has proved but little better. But as a narration of the defects of these two guns would fill much valuable space, I will restrict myself to advising purchasers, if they are obliged to go in for second-hand guns, firstly, to have them examined by an expert; secondly, to insist on one month's approval; and thirdly, to return them if the least thing goes wrong in their mechanism—*ne fronti crede*.—A. ESSEX CAPELL.

SOUTH AFRICAN TROPHIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Messrs. W. Robertson and Bertram E. Jupp, taken with some of their shooting trophies, which have been obtained by them within the last three years. This illustration gives a very fair idea of the variety of game to be met with in Southern Africa, more especially in the Cape Colony, where the majority of the specimens have been shot. Prominent among the heads are two fine specimens of the koodoo bull, which were bagged within 30 miles of Graham's Town, the capital of the Eastern Province of the Colony. The pair of koodoo horns to the left of the picture were got in the north of Bechuanaland. Below the koodoo head to the right are a pair of horns of the beautiful sable antelope, the "swart-wet-pense" of the Dutch. Above the same koodoo head are a pair of Lechwe antelope horns, and over the head of the koodoo to the left are the horns of the Sitatunga. The group of heads on the left wall comprise the following: Bushbuck rams, springbucks, rooib rheboks, oribis, duiker, grys, blek steinboks, and blaauw bok. A very typical buck of the Eastern Province is the bushbuck, a fine ram's head occupying the centre of the group. This animal is very widely distributed, and is chiefly met with in thick bush kloof's. When wounded, a ram is considered by the best authorities as being the most dangerous of antelopes. Above this are three specimens of the beautiful springbuck. Below are four oribis (three rams and a ewe) a buck now rapidly becoming extinct in many parts of the country. The row of small horns resting on the ground, to the left of the picture, are those of the bushbuck, springbuck, and blesbuck. Of the three karosses suspended at the back, the one to the left is made from the skins of the rooikat, or blue-eyed lynx. The skin of this animal is said by many people to possess the virtue of warding off rheumatism when used as a sleeping-rug. Above this are hung a pair of rooik hartbeest horns. The centre kaross is made of silver jackal skins, a stuffed head of the same animal being seen above, flanked on the left by a vaal rhebok, and on the right by a bushbuck ram. The kaross on the right is formed from the skins of the dassie, or rock rabbit, with an edging of spotted meer kat hides. Above are a pair of roan antelope horns, and below a set of koodoo feet, utilised



as a gun-rack. These are the feet of the bull above; another foot just below the rack has been converted into an original candlestick. At the feet of the figure to the right are a pair of blue wildebeest horns, and resting against the table are the horns of the gemsbok. The skins on the ground comprise baboon, koodoo, silver jackal, and leopard. A remarkably fine skin of the latter animal (known by the name of "tiger" in the Colony) is seen on the table. This specimen measures 8ft. in length. The guns used are what are known as "combination" guns, being respectively Martini-Henry and No. 12 gauge shot, and musket No. 2 and No. 16 gauge shot. In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the trophies represented in the photograph were not the result of any lengthy hunting trip, but were obtained as opportunity afforded, i.e., during holidays and when travelling, the two gentlemen being respectively a civil servant and a bank official.—X.Y.